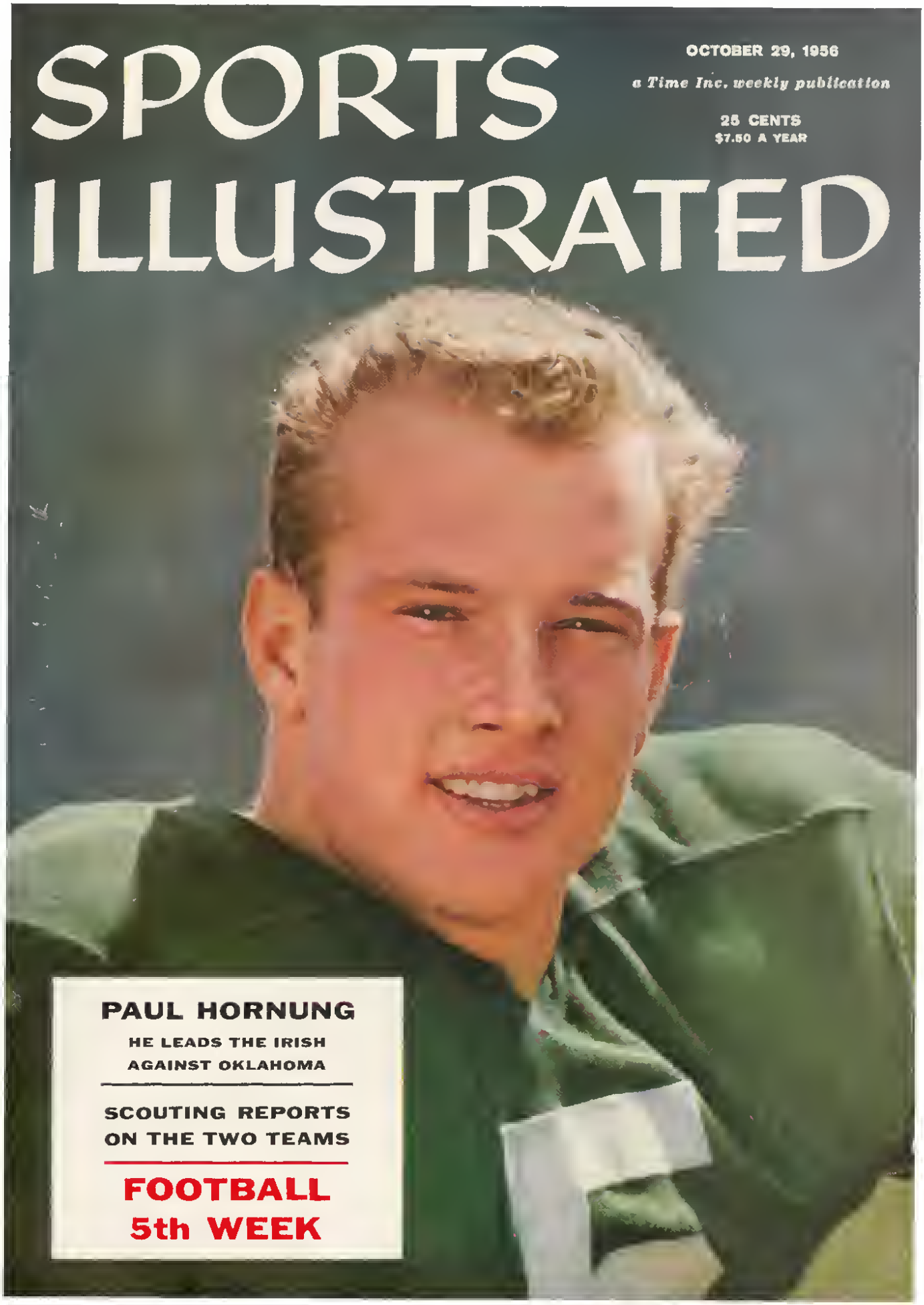
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 29, 1956
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5th WEEK



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OCTOBER 29, 1956
Volume 5, Number 18



COVER: PAUL HORNUNG
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

In the TV Game of the Week this Saturday the whole country will see this relaxed, smiling and seemingly carefree young man —6-foot 2-inch, 205-pound 20-year-old from Louisville, Ky., who, in his senior year at Notre Dame, is his team's No. 1 quarterback. For the laurels he won Saturday in defeat and the Oklahoma crisis just ahead, see page 32 and following.

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THE VANDERBILT STORY: PART III: THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH 73
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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

SPORTING CONTINENT

A pre-Gomes report on the engaging character of the world's Olympic hosts; Melbourne survey—by the Footloose Sportsmen

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN THIS ISSUE, beginning on page 49, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED makes some points about dressage, the study and practice of the finer points of riding, which has been defined as the art of improving one's horse beyond the stage of plain usefulness.

For Staff Writer Alice Higgins the story involved a three-day visit to the beautiful and spacious Virginia farm of Arthur Godfrey, who has become an outstanding exponent in our country of this complicated and skilled form of horsemanship, which reached its highest development in Europe. Out of love for the sport, Godfrey, during the past few years, has put on numerous exhibitions at horse shows; and the current increased interest here in dressage is due in some measure to people who have come to see Godfrey and learned to admire his remarkably trained horse, Goldie.



HIGGINS AND GODFREY

At his farm Godfrey has, in addition to Goldie, another horse, Golden Trumpeter, in training for dressage showing. Both spend their well-ordered lives stabled with a contented assortment of hunters, Thoroughbred race horses and Arabians. This was a friendly world for Writer Higgins, who won a blue ribbon in her first horse show at 16, was a riding instructor at 17, showed three- and five-gaited horses while in college and became a recognized figure on the circuit in Illinois and Missouri. As a senior at Maryville College in St. Louis she won the Intercollegiate Horsemanship Championship in 1946. From there she went on to occasional judging. There her hardest day occurred, not with horses but people, when once a young man said, "My brother's riding in this show. If you don't give him something, I'll throw rocks at you." Unstoned to this day, Alice says, "At least I can say *this* for my judging—I never found out whose brother he was."

Preoccupation with the dressage horses naturally filled most of the three-day visit to Godfrey's farm. But the farm, as Writer Higgins had a chance to observe during several tours in a golf cart with Godfrey, is filled not only with horses, orchards, pastures and hayfields but also with almost endless opportunities to pursue other sports close to the Godfrey heart—hunting, fishing, swimming, water skiing, flying and ice skating (refrigeration can turn the riding ring into a rink).

Reporting the fine and delicate art of dressage calls for just the kind of lifelong interest and professional training which Alice Higgins brings to this story.

Harry Phillips



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

GOVERNOR ROBERT B. MEYNER

New Jersey



It could be an asset if the candidate had been a great quarterback. But a quarterback calls the plays. He has brains. However, success in athletics doesn't guarantee success in politics, which is more akin to scholastic attainment and professional or business success.

GOVERNOR RAYMOND GARY

Oklahoma



In some sections an athletic reputation has voter appeal. In the East, where sports are well-organized and intensely publicized, a great athlete, running for public office, might have an advantage. Farther west, in the open spaces, it's not an asset, but it's certainly not a handicap.

GOVERNOR J. HUGO ARONSON

Montana



We have great forests, our streams and our mountains. Montana has more wild animals than people. A sportsman who learns the ways of animals and how they survive wins the respect and support of other sportsmen. He also acquires the ability to work hard and intelligently on problems.

GOVERNOR MARVIN GRIFFIN

Georgia



Yes. In both football and baseball, when you feel you can't go another second, you learn to give that additional something you need. I know. I played at The Citadel. Athletic training makes you a better fighter. It teaches you sportsmanship and enables you to appreciate your opponent.

GOVERNOR G. B. TIMMERMAN JR.

South Carolina



That depends on the kind of sports background the candidate has. If he has been a great athlete and his reputation has clung to him, I think it would be an asset of a sort with a segment of the population. It certainly would not be the determining factor.

GOVERNOR JOSEPH B. JOHNSON

Vermont



If a candidate has other necessary qualifications for office, his athletic background can be very helpful. A candidate must have the qualities of persistence, hard work and leadership. With these, and an athletic reputation, he is a bard man to beat for any office.

The Question:

Is an athletic background an asset for a political candidate? (Asked at the conference of governors in Atlantic City, N.J.)

GOVERNOR CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

Massachusetts



Yes, but in addition, a lot depends on how well he is liked by the people. Take Rocky Marciano, the retired heavyweight champion, as an example. Rocky still lives at Brockton, and he is so well liked that he could be elected to almost any political office in the state of Massachusetts.

GOVERNOR ERNEST W. McFARLAND

Arizona



It has a distinct voter appeal for those interested in sports. *Many feel that* sports are fine for youth, and they like public officials who have the same viewpoint. In that sense it is an asset, but I don't think a man would be elected to office merely because he was a great football player.

GOVERNOR ALLAN SHIVERS

Texas



Yes. All Americans are interested in sports, even those who only watch. Everything else being equal, I believe that a candidate with an athletic background has the advantage, particularly if sports continue to be his hobby. People love Ike for his down-to-earth simplicity and his golf.

continued on next page

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continued from page 7

GOVERNOR WILLIAM G. STRATTON

Illinois



Yes. Participation in sports gives you a broader and healthier outlook. It helps you understand people and work with them in harmony. Furthermore, sports have a distinct voter appeal. The one who excels in sports may win the admiration of people and possibly their support.

GOVERNOR EDMUND S. MUSKIE

Maine



Yes. Athletics bring out the best in a man. He learns to take defeat with a smile and victory modestly. Governor A. B. (Happy) Chandler was Commissioner of Baseball, and being associated with our national pastime could do nothing but help and even advance his political career.

GOVERNOR ORVILLE L. FREEMAN

Minnesota



Yes, because most people are interested in sports. I was a quarterback at Minnesota. People often talk with me about those wonderful old games. Minnesota is a great sports state. I enjoy both hunting and fishing, and I have done a lot of work on our conservation program.

NEXT WEEK:

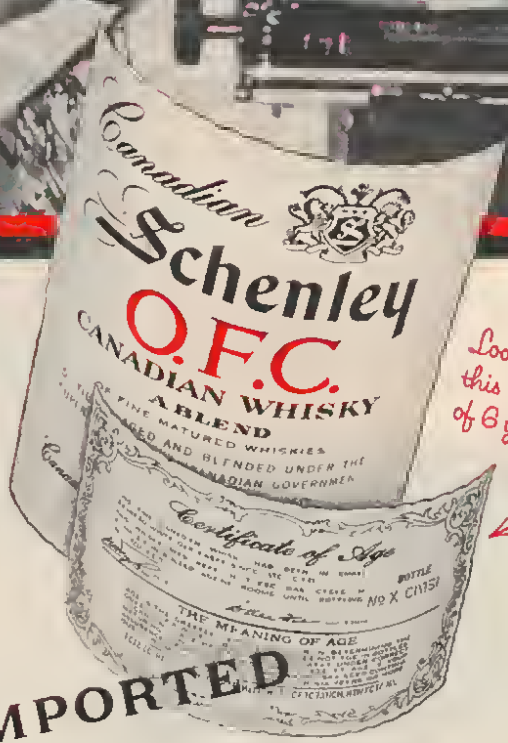
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COMING EVENTS

October 26 through November 4

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO

ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26

Boxing

● Yama Bahama vs. Tex Gonzalez, middleweights
● (10 rds.), Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27

Basketball

U. S. Olympic team vs. Peoria Cats, Peoria, Ill.

(Professional)

New York vs. Boston, New York
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, New York.

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

Boston U. vs. Syracuse, Boston.
Brown vs. Rhode Island, Providence.
Colby vs. Bowdoin, Waterville, Me.
Columbia vs. Army, New York
Cornell vs. Princeton, Ithaca, N.Y.
Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, Mass.
Lafayette vs. Gettysburg, Easton, Pa.
Lehigh vs. Rutgers, Bethlehem, Pa.
Maine vs. Bates, Orono, Me.
Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Philadelphia.
● Penn State vs. West Virginia, University, Pk., Pa., 1:30 p.m. (CBS*).
Pittsburgh vs. Oregon, Pittsburgh
Temple vs. Bucknell, Philadelphia.
Wesleyan vs. Amherst, Middletown, Conn.
Williams vs. Tufts, Williamstown, Mass.
Yale vs. Colgate, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama vs. Mississippi State, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Arkansas vs. Mississippi, Little Rock, Ark.
Baylor vs. Texas A&M, Waco, Texas
Duke vs. North Carolina State, Durham, N.C.
● Georgia vs. Kentucky, Athens, Ga., 2 p.m. (CBS*).
Georgia Tech vs. Tulane, Atlanta.
LSU vs. Florida, Baton Rouge.
North Carolina vs. Wake Forest, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Rice vs. Texas, Houston.
Tennessee vs. Maryland, Knoxville, Tenn.
TCU vs. Miami, Fort Worth.
Virginia Tech vs. Virginia, Roanoke, Va.

WEST

● Illinois vs. Michigan State, Champaign, Ill., 1:30 p.m. C.D.T. (CBS; ABC).
Indiana vs. Northwestern, Bloomington, Ind.
Michigan vs. Minnesota, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Missouri vs. Iowa State, Columbia, Mo.
● Notre Dame vs. Oklahoma, South Bend, Ind.,
● 2:45 p.m. (NBC-TV*, Mutual-radio). Men to watch: Notre Dame's Hornung (5) and Oklahoma's McDonald (25).
Ohio State vs. Wisconsin, Columbus, Ohio
Oklahoma A&M vs. Kansas, Stillwater, Okla.
Purdue vs. Iowa, Lafayette, Ind.
Tulsa vs. Hardin-Simmons, Tulsa, Okla.

FAR WEST

Arizona vs. Texas Tech, Tucson, Ariz.
Colorado vs. Nebraska, Boulder, Col.
Oregon State vs. UCLA, Corvallis, Ore.
Stanford vs. Southern California, Palo Alto, Calif.

continued on page 12

1



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COMING EVENTS

Utah vs Idaho, Salt Lake City, Utah
Washington vs. California, Seattle, Wash.

Golf
America Cup matches, U.S.-Canada-Mexico, Mexico City, Mexico (also Oct. 28).

Horse Racing
- The Garden State, $100,000 2-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m., Garden State Pk., N.J., 5 p.m. (CBS).
Firenze Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr-olds & up, fillies and mares, 1⅛ m., Jamaica, N.Y.
Golden Gate Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1⅛ m., Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

Hunt Racing
Monmouth County Hunt Cup, 3 m., Middletown, N.J.

Weight Lifting
Final Olympic weight-lifting tryouts, San Jose, Calif.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28

Auto Racing
NASCAR Grand National championship racing, late model stock cars and convertibles, Martinsville, Va.
NASCAR Modified and Sportsman racing, Charlotte, N.C.

Football
Professional (CBS*)
- Baltimore vs Green Bay, Baltimore.
- Chicago Cardinals vs Washington, Chicago.
- Cleveland vs. Pittsburgh, Cleveland.
- Los Angeles vs Detroit, Los Angeles.
- New York vs Philadelphia, New York.

San Francisco vs Chicago Bears, San Francisco.
*See local listing

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29

Boxing
- Charlie Norkus vs. Joe Rowan, heavyweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (DuMont-TV, Mutual-radio).

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30

Hockey
Chicago vs Boston, Chicago.

Horse Show
68th National Horse Show, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31

Boxing
- Chuck Spelser vs Willie Hoepner, light heavyweights (10 rds.), Chicago Stadium, Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Hockey
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing
The Frizette, $50,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 1 1/16 m., Jamaica, N.Y.
The Cambridgeshire Handicap, 1 1/8 m., London, England.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Auto Racing
SCCA Appalachian Rally, Hershey, Pa. (through Nov. 4)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2

Boxing
- Paoli Rosi vs Henry (Toothpick) Brown, lightweights (10 rds.), Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (NBC).

Hockey
Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.
Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.

Rodeo
Grand National Rodeo, San Francisco (through Nov. 11).

continued on page 15



Picture of Poise

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It's her wholesome eating habits that keep the modern woman's waistline slender. Her up-to-date taste for the less filling foods works wonders for her looks—and for her health.

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COMING EVENTS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3

Auto Racing
National sports car race, Palm Springs, Calif. (also Nov. 4).

Boating
Skipper's Race, Annapolis, Md. (also Nov. 4).

Football
(Leading college games)

EAST

Amherst vs. Tufts, Amherst, Mass.
Army vs. Colgate, West Point, N.Y.
Bates vs. Bowdoin, Lewiston, Me.
Boston College vs. Villanova, Boston.
Boston U. vs. Holy Cross, Boston.
● Columbia vs. Cornell, New York, 1:30 p.m. (CBS).
Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, Cambridge, Mass.
Maryland vs. Kentucky, College Park, Md.
● Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore, 1:45 p.m. (NBC-
● TV*, Mutual-radio).
Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton, N.J.
Rutgers vs. Lafayette, New Brunswick, N.J.
Syracuse vs. Penn State, Syracuse, N.Y.
Temple vs. Lehigh, Philadelphia.
Trinity vs. Coast Guard, Hartford, Conn.
West Virginia vs. George Washington, Morgantown, W. Va.
Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama vs. Georgia, Birmingham.
Clemson vs. Virginia Tech, Clemson, S.C.
● Duke vs. Georgia Tech, Durham, N.C., 1:50 p.m. (ABC; CBS).
Florida vs. Auburn, Gainesville, Fla.
LSU vs. Mississippi, Baton Rouge, La.
Rice vs. Utah, Houston.
Tennessee vs. North Carolina, Knoxville, Tenn.
Texas vs. Southern Methodist, Austin, Texas.
Texas A&M vs. Arkansas, College Station, Texas.
TCU vs. Baylor, Fort Worth, Texas.
Tulane vs. Mississippi St., New Orleans, La.
Virginia vs. Vanderbilt, Charlottesville, Va.
Wake Forest vs. North Carolina St., Winston-Salem, N.C.

WEST

Indiana vs. Marquette, Bloomington, Ind.
Iowa vs. Michigan, Iowa City, Iowa.
Iowa State vs. Drake, Ames, Iowa.
Kansas State vs. Kansas, Manhattan, Kan.
Michigan State vs. Wisconsin, East Lansing, Mich.
Minnesota vs. Pittsburgh, Minneapolis.
Nebraska vs. Missouri, Lincoln, Neb.
Northwestern vs. Ohio State, Evanston, Ill.
Purdue vs. Illinois, Lafayette, Ind.
Tulsa vs. College of Pacific, Tulsa, Okla.

FAR WEST

● California vs. Oregon, Berkeley, Calif., 1:45 p.m. (PST) (NBC*).
Colorado vs. Oklahoma, Boulder, Col.
Oregon State vs. Washington, Portland, Ore.
UCLA vs. Stanford, Los Angeles.
Washington State vs. Southern California, Pullman, Wash.

Horse Racing
Gallant Fox Handicap, $75,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 5/8 m., Jamaica, N.Y.
Benjamin Franklin Handicap, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/16 m., Garden State Pk., N.J.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4

Auto Racing
NASCAR late model short track racing, Fayetteville, N.C.
NASCAR U.S. modified championship racing, Concord, N.C.
U.S. Auto Club stock car racing, Augorra, Calif.

Football
Professional (CBS*)

● Chicago Cardinals vs. Philadelphia, Chicago.
● Green Bay vs. Cleveland, Milwaukee.
● Los Angeles vs. Chicago Bears, Los Angeles.
● Pittsburgh vs. New York, Pittsburgh.
San Francisco vs. Detroit, San Francisco.

*See local listing.



A new Algonquin® captures men—with ease Everything about this shoe is new, except the famous Algonquin comfort. It is a three-eyelet design with tapered toe and narrow welt—the cosmopolitan look of men's fashions this year. The unique Algonquin seam is hand-sewn, to make this shoe smooth as skin inside, and almost as flexible. Such handwork means Algonquins take four times longer to turn out than ordinary shoes. And they cost a bit more. But it's extravagant to pay less! Nettletons start at 24.95.

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NINE POINTS FOR SURVIVAL

In concluding their survey on the college football crisis, the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Herman Hickman carefully weighed all the facts and opinions which came in as a result of their interviews and questionnaires. Beyond that, we have tried, as we promised at the beginning of this series, to consider football's problems in the context of the game. We believe that these are changes which are necessary and can be practically accomplished; changes that will serve the cause of college football as it is played in America today and help to preserve it in the name of the sportsmanship which should always be associated with it.

1 *Each prospective football player in order to obtain an athletic scholarship must be qualified for admission the same as any other student.*

Some suggestions have been made that a national test should be given, such as the college board examinations, in order to standardize admissions. We feel that this is completely impracticable because of the varying degree of secondary school standards in different sections of the country and also the wide range of requirements for admissions at different institutions. Admission standards must be left to the individual institution, and in any case be no lower than the conference level.

2 *The applicant must show economic need.*

It should be the duty of each institution to check thoroughly the financial status of the athlete's family and their ability to pay his college expenses. In no case should he be given more aid than needed.

3 *Each player should receive through regular institutional channels, and only through these channels, sufficient financial aid to take care of his normal college expenses such as board, room, tuition and fees, books, laundry and dry cleaning.*

The individual college should make up a budget of necessary expenses of a regular student, and this criterion should be the amount of the athletic scholarship awarded. The amount in dollars and cents will vary from institution to institution and from conference to conference, but in any case it must not be above the actual expenses as certified by the college. If this procedure is followed it will do away with much of the bickering such as is going on in the Pacific Coast Conference about the difference in the cost of living in Los Angeles and Corvallis, Oregon.

4 *All other financial aid, except that outlined in No. 3, is prohibited.*

The prohibition includes promise of financial aid beyond the minimum time required for a student to complete his allowable athletic competition, and outside aid and outside jobs, except jobs during the summer and during the school vacations, for which the pay is not greater than that received by other people doing the same kind of work. Any outside rewards or inducements to athletes or prospective athletes, such as gifts of money, clothes, lavish entertainment, loans or acting as sureties for loans, shall be considered as excessive financial aid and be prohibited.

5 *The acceptance of any aid, except that outlined in No. 3, shall result in immediate expulsion of the student involved.*

Assuming a conference and all of its members, or, so far as that goes, all the conferences and colleges, have adopted this scholarship plan, then there is no reason why this rule should be broken. When an institution guarantees the needed expenses of an individual, there are certain responsibilities that he must assume. This should be explained to him in full by a regular faculty representative the day he registers. He should be asked to sign a pledge to this effect in order to receive his scholarship.

6 *A fixed percentage of athletic scholarships—we suggest 75%—should be reserved only for boys in the conference territory of the college or university and its environs.*

This would avoid the widespread recruiting abuses which occur in the course of competition for players from other sections. Another point that might be well taken would be to put a limit on the number of athletic scholarships each institution could provide so as to keep the competition on the same plane within a conference.

7 *To receive an athletic scholarship and remain eligible for it, the recipient must take a regular course of study, of his own choice, leading to a degree. He must take a normal load of academic hours and maintain a satisfactory average. Before the beginning of his third year he must have attained the proper number of credit hours and quality points to become a full-fledged member of the junior class or his scholarship will be withdrawn.*

If this rule was adopted and maintained by all institutions, most of the critics of college football would be hushed. Phony jobs and under-the-table pay are relatively unimportant compared to this phase. The maintenance of these standards does away with the stigma of "semipro" and "hired" athletes. The word "amateur" becomes real. In other words, strict observance of this rule places the proper connotation on the noun "proselyte."

8 *The responsibility for proper practices of recruitment and subsidization of players should be placed squarely on the shoulders of the head football coach.*

The president of the institution and his faculty committee on athletics should demand that the coach be personally and directly responsible to the president and his committee for his actions. They should insure and assure him against undue pressure to win games at any cost. They should free him of financial worries about gate receipts, and they should fire him if he or any of his assistants directly or indirectly give, have given, promise or condone any financial aid to players or prospective players beyond the regulations of the institution.

9 *The "athletic dormitory" and the year-round training table should be abolished.*

We realize that the training table during the season, especially for the night meal after practice and the pre-game meals on Saturdays, is a must. But for better player-student relations the athletic dormitory should be done away with or divided with nonathletic students, and the training table abolished out of season. And, more important, all incoming freshman athletes should be mixed at the beginning with other members of the student body. This might be impracticable at some institutions and economically unsound at others, but it would improve the stature of college football immeasurably.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
OCTOBER 29, 1956

THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL CRISIS CONTINUED

BIG TEN AND NINE POINTS

In a striking confirmation of Sports Illustrated's recent survey, Big Ten leaders lay it on the line: clean up the game or watch it die in chaos

"Though there is no direct connection between the Big Ten plan and the one proposed by Sports Illustrated, the similarity is amazing. We were delighted when we saw Sports Illustrated's Nine Points because they confirmed our thinking. When we read them, we were struck with amazement by the fact that we paralleled so many of them. The editors of Sports Illustrated and Herman Hickman must have given the problem the same combination of realism and idealism that our people did because we came out with the same points."

—BIG TEN COMMISSIONER KENNETH L. (Tug) WILSON

WITH THESE WORDS the head of America's oldest formal collegiate athletic organization, the Western Conference or Big Ten, last week paid tribute to the recent efforts of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, on the eve of the current season, to provide a positive and honest solution for the college football crisis. "To bring football back to its rightful place," was the announced aim of the survey of facts and opinions which the editors of this magazine carried out and which Herman Hickman interpreted in two articles (SI, Aug. 6 and 13). College presidents, athletic directors, coaches, players and alumni from all over the country contributed to the survey, and the conclusions drawn from their statements were summarized in the program, "Nine Points for Survival," reproduced on the opposite page. It is now clear that for the leaders of the Big Ten Conference, after their deliberations on the results of their own seven-month study of conditions prevailing among their numbers, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's nine points accomplished what the editors hoped they would: "To serve the cause of college football as it is played in America today and help to preserve it in the name of the sportsmanship which should always be associated with it."

The Big Ten study led to the issuance last week of a 24-page report on principles and practice within the conference, and an interim report on a proposed financial aids program to guide the conference in the future. Tentative as yet, with many details still to be considered, revised or more thoroughly worked out, this program nonetheless shows clearly in what direction the proposed reforms will go: in virtually every respect the direction which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED said football *must* go if it is to survive. A final version of the plan will be presented at the conference meetings in December; it is hoped that the recommendations will be approved and in force by the 1957 season. By way of comparison, Commissioner Wilson this week went over SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's nine points one by one and made the following comments:

POINT ONE: *Each prospective football player in order to obtain an athletic scholarship must be qualified for admission the same as any other student.* "We think we have that at present."

POINT TWO: *The applicant must show economic need.* "That is the significant point in our plan. But we are doing more than to state a principle. We are in a position to implement it with the College Scholarship Service. This is the core of our plan." In brief, the intention is to allow a player to receive in aid only the difference between his own resources—parental support and earnings—and the cost of his education at the school he chooses. On this basis, no university can exercise an advantage over a rival by offering a higher contribution in relation to costs.

POINT THREE: *Each player should receive through regular institutional channels, and only through these channels, sufficient financial aid to take care of his normal college expenses such as board, room, tuition and fees, books, laundry and dry cleaning.* "We have that in our regulations at present."

POINT FOUR: *All other financial aid, except that outlined in No. 3, is prohibited.* "That is inherent in the Big Ten plan."

POINT FIVE: *The acceptance of any aid, except that outlined in No. 3, shall result in immediate expulsion of the student involved.* "I would prefer to see a boy declared permanently ineligible rather than expelled. However, we haven't discussed the penalty as yet."

POINT SIX: *A fixed percentage of athletic scholarships—we suggest 75%—should be reserved only for boys in the conference territory of the college or university and its environs.* "We have not considered this because more than 75% of our athletes come from the conference area. We do not think this is a problem for us."

POINT SEVEN: *To receive an athletic scholarship and remain eligible for it, the recipient must take a regular course of study, of his own choice, leading to a degree. He must take a normal load of academic hours and maintain a satisfactory average. Before the beginning of his third year he must have attained the proper number of credit hours and quality points to become a full-fledged member of the junior class or his scholarship will be withdrawn.* "We have that at the present time in our rules."

POINT EIGHT: *The responsibility for proper practices of recruitment and subsidization of players should be placed*

continued on next page

BIG TEN AND NINE POINTS

continued from page 17

squarely on the shoulders of the head football coach. "In our plan, coaches are putting their jobs on the line if they deviate. So, for that matter, are the schools; if investigation were to show that such deviation is part of a school's policy, in all likelihood the school would be thrown out of the conference."

POINT NINE: *The "athletic dormitory" and the year-round training table should be abolished.* "Under our present rules, the year-round training table is prohibited. The athletic dormitory does not exist in the Big Ten, though there is no rule against it. But we would make one if necessary."

The six men who worked on the Big Ten survey and drew up the tentative program for reform, which Commissioner Wilson was comparing with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Nine Points for Survival, are all of them closely identified with the game. Their opinions carry the full weight of experts who for years have stood on the firing line: H. O. (Fritz) Crisler of Michigan, Ivan Williamson of Wisconsin, Verne C. Freeman of Purdue, Leslie W. Scott of Michigan State and Commissioner Wilson himself. And there was no doubt that they shared SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's concern for the future of the game. Facts and figures gathered in the seven months' investigation and published in their survey made the crisis threateningly clear:

RECRUITMENT: "Out of 258 Conference football lettermen in 1955, 246 had been interviewed or corresponded with prior to matriculation, by football staff members. Of the remaining 12, only six came to college with no knowledge on the part of the football staffs of their college intentions. . . . In other words, more than 95% had been actively recruited and almost 98% had been screened.

"Campus visits prior to matriculation for the purpose of interviews with coaching staffs are the rule. A survey indicates upwards of 500 prospective student-athletes will visit each Conference school this year. . . . Entertainment of prospects in 1946 was an incidental expense, but for the current year averages almost $5,000, running as high as $13,600. Whereas in 1946 it was exceptional for visiting [prospects] to be provided meals or lodging, today over 95% receive either or both.

"With respect to alumni or friends of the school, these individuals are being systematically organized into clubs for the specific purpose of inspiring contacts and arranging campus visits, in contrast to the original Conference concept of individual and voluntary alumni activity. . . .

"The trend is reflected in the development of the prospect as a 'shopper' and the emergence of a type known as the 'peddler,' who may be a parent, a high school coach, or a self-appointed agent. Their activity is illustrated by printed 'fliers' which the Committee has seen, prepared to advertise the wares of a boy for the interest of coaches. Conference coaches have received offers to induce the enrollment of outstanding prospects on a fee basis. There actually was an attempt in Chicago, only recently, to set up a clearing house in the nature of a central recruiting bureau which would provide information on prospects including their abilities and their interests."

SUBSIDIZATION: "The marked increase in the volume of aids to athletes can be documented. On the basis of reports filed with his office the Commissioner estimates this increase (covering unearned aid and on-campus jobs but excluding off-campus employment) to be almost 550% since 1948.

"The average amount of aid per athlete, according to this study, has increased from $47 in 1948 to $260 in 1955. These amounts are not imposing, although one school reports aid to 187 listed as athletes amounting to $759 per man, because the base takes in all athletes, in all sports, and includes freshmen numeral winners in all sports as well. The figures . . . become imposing when they represent the aid to varsity football and baseketball players. A special study has just been completed, covering nine schools and their 370 football and basketball lettermen in 1955–56. This shows unearned and campus job assistance for those squad members totaling $225,637, or an average of $609.83 for each individual. . . .

"Between 1948 and 1955 the volume of unearned aid to athletes, as reported to the Conference, jumped from $56,694 to $348,688—an increase of more than 600%. (This increase paralleled, but practically doubled, an estimated 310% increase in scholarship aids to Conference undergraduate students generally, which are reported to have gone from $916,000 to $2,850,000 in the same period.)

"A distinct trend in this respect is the diversion of athletic receipts to finance the scholarship program. Whereas no school is understood to have employed athletic receipts for this purpose in 1946, five schools do so at present and those five are now contributing an average of $35,000 annually to funds for unearned aid to athletes. An interesting footnote here is that one of these schools began this diversion in 1952 with $15,000 and has now doubled that amount annually; another began with $15,000 last year and plans an increase to $45,000 by next year.

"'Make-work' by athletic departments as a means of subsidizing athletes likewise has definitely increased. It is estimated that athletic department payrolls for student help now average in excess of $46,300 annually, representing well over four times the payrolls estimated in 1946. . . .

"It is characteristic of many work programs, for both on-campus and off-campus jobs, that they are not on an hourly-rated pay basis, but are for specified sums per month. Wherever this characteristic appears it is evident that an assured income, through work, has been tendered a boy as a part of his initial offer."

ACADEMIC FAVORS FOR ATHLETES: "Virtually any prospective athlete can find acceptance at some Conference institution. This is not to say that there is any general laxity in observing entrance requirements. But it is significant that the special devices available for entrance seem not to be missed where an athlete is concerned. It is true that, by and large, those individuals with questionable entrance qualifications become academic casualties at some point after matriculation, indicating no special academic indulgence for athletes. But the very fact of their acceptance as bad academic risks has done a disservice to the Conference, to the institution involved, and to athletics as a whole; not to say to the boy himself.

"Statistics on the number of athletes enrolled in schools of physical education do not support a generalized statement that those curricula are being used as an academic refuge. Nevertheless, it has been observed that athletes who encounter difficulties in other courses of study do switch to physical education to build up their grade-point averages for eligibility. Moreover, the same thing is done to qualify for unearned financial aid."

RELATIONSHIP OF ATHLETES AND ATHLETICS WITH STUDENT BODY: "The Committee is concerned to observe what it considers to be a discernible trend in the direction of isolating the athlete in the eyes of his fellow students as a non-representative student. This trend is promoted by the special recruitment and subsidization efforts which

have been analyzed above. It is further aggravated by the conscious or unconscious regimentation of the athlete in his training for competitive excellence. It has not advanced to the point of establishing separate dormitories for athletes on any extensive basis, but there is that possibility.

"There is discerned a diminishing pride of students in 'their' teams. The residual interest possessed by student bodies at large is centered on the spectacle aspects of competition. There is, for example, less and less manifestation of spontaneous interest such as the traditional student rally of past years. There is believed to be a waning of 'sportsmanship' as an ideal, reflected in increasing crowd behavior problems, notably at basketball games. . . .

"There is also noted a trend departing from the philosophy of providing intercollegiate competition opportunities on the broadest possible basis which should be the cornerstone of any athletic program. This departure is typified by abandonment of 150-pound and junior varsity football programs in the Conference, due, apparently, to administrative disinterest in them, for it cannot be argued that there is insufficient student interest. This spring 1,104 students reported for spring football practice in the Conference. Not more than 600 will be invited to take part in fall practice, leaving the demonstrated interest of at least 500 completely unsatisfied.

"It may be said, in fact, that there is increasing relative neglect of all sports that are not revenue-making or publicity-producing for the school. There are actually fewer team entries and likewise, over-all, considerably fewer individual entries in the so-called minor sports championships conducted by the Conference today than there were 30 years ago, notwithstanding the enormous growths of student bodies in that period."

EVASION AND VIOLATION OF RULES BY ATHLETIC STAFFS: "Understanding and respect for rules must be the basis for rules adherence Lack of understanding and respect may be traced to two factors: an attitude of studied evasion and the fact that the premises of the rules are nowhere clearly stated.

"The attitude of studied evasion, which amounts to a philosophy of the calculated risk, seems to spring from universal mistrust of other staffs. It is true that there is an absolute minimum of reporting suspicions and allegations to enforcement authorities. But the belief exists that other staffs are all crowding or violating the rules. This belief has been given support by a so-called 'truth session' among football coaches three years ago, when each coach, in a round-table, admitted that in some way he was evading or breaking the rules. (The nature of the violations admitted was never made explicit, however. A check with certain participants indicates their nature was not necessarily serious: as, for instance, one coach said he was speaking of practices of which he personally disapproved although they were within the rules, and another said he was speaking of . . . 'fringe' violations.)

"The belief in suspicions and allegations about others becomes a rationalization for one's own evasions or compromises. Such rationalization further serves the feeling of competitive pressure to win which, in the words of a non-Conference football coach, is 'the only thing.' "

•

In concluding their report, the members of the Big Ten committee projected their findings ahead 10 or 15 years to see what the present situation, if unchecked, might lead to. Nothing that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED could have said in summarizing the results of its own survey could have demonstrated more clearly how real the threat to college football has become:

"All students engaged in intercollegiate athletics will be carefully screened, selected and vigorously recruited . . . on the basis of terms arrived at in bargaining between coach and prospect or his agent. . . . Complete financial assistance will be provided, (exceeding) mere educational expense and sufficient to maintain a high standard of living. . . . Discontinuance of non-revenue producing intercollegiate sports and intra-mural activities. . . . A state of disunity amounting to virtual anarchy . . . in the administration of rules and regulations. . . . Athletes segregated in all campus activities from student bodies at large. . . . The Big Ten . . . will emerge as a closed corporation displaying the ultimate in athletic prowess at any level. . . . In fact, it may well form a functional arrangement in the nature of a farm system, with organized professional sports.

"At a certain point," the committee concluded, "either educational administrators will recognize there is no identity between their sports and educational programs and will order the dissolution of the former before the attachment corrupts the latter; or the distinction between intercollegiate sports and professional sports will become so invisible that public support will shift to the latter . . . and the resulting financial chaos will force abandonment of the intercollegiate program."

What is true of the Big Ten, as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's survey showed in August, is in almost every respect true throughout the country. In other words, unless present practices are drastically corrected, college football as America has known it, as it has molded and stimulated Americans young and old, boy and man, girl and woman, for four generations, will have vanished from the scene within the lifetime of anyone reading these pages. END



ARCHITECTS OF THE REPORT meet in Chicago as Commissioner Tug Wilson (*far left*) discusses survey with H. O. (Fritz) Crisler and Ivan Williamson (*standing*), Verne C. Freeman, Leslie W. Scott and assistant commissioner of Big Ten, William R. Reed.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JERRY COOKE

GOLF AND THE SEASONS

Autumn, as the companion portfolio shows, is one of the best

ONE OF THE LAST THINGS that needs a press agent to extol its charms is autumn. Perhaps, in the days before color photography reached its present state of fidelity, there was some slight justification for a man's turning to his neighbor and rhapsodizing: "Quaff the wine in the air, Llewellyn, and, while you're at it, drink in the Joseph's coat of colors that garbs yon slope where, thanks to the sour acidity of the soil, the deciduous trees are even now sweetly transilient, like a traffic light gone amok, all colors flashing. Of the white-limbed birch, the swirling leaves underfoot and the cloudless azure of the deft empyrean, I will not sing, for my soul is full enow of beauty." This last is a wise decision. Fellows of this cut may have made good conductors of the Poet's Corner in the local weekly, but they made bad neighbors, for if there's anything that's hard to take in grandiose doses it is someone's letting you in on the obvious as if he were endowed with gifts of perception and appreciation denied his grosser fellow men.

Let me then, in introducing the portfolio of lovely photographs which begins on the opposite page, stick to unadorned fact. The photographs were taken at the Meadow Brook club's relatively new course in Jericho, New York—a handsome test of golf in any season. The members of the male foursome are Paul Shields, Howell van Gerbig, George Goleman and Shelley Mayfield, the club professional. Each of them, even Shelley who might have been expected to bust out in an ode to late October, limited his remarks to the general area of its being a beautiful day for golf.

Part of the fundamental fascination of golf is that playing conditions change with the seasons and, as they do, they elicit different tactics from the observant golfer. In summer, when the fairways are baked hard and a long drive can break the back of a hole, the invitation to belt the ball all out is a tough one to decline. Late autumn, on the other hand, is the season to forget about distance and concentrate on accuracy. In the colder air the ball will not travel as far, and it expires after one or two dull bounces in the heavy grass of the slow fairway. Furthermore, pressing for distance inevitably leads to spraying off the tees and, if there is any one chief deterrent to enjoying a round of golf on a fine autumn day, it is having to trudge up and down the rough on hole after hole, kicking at hundreds of leaves, any one of which may be concealing the ball you're hunting.

Autumn golf presents other kindred difficulties. For example, the green that was watered into a soft, receptive sponge in summer has become hard and resilient—the pitch that "sat down" in August takes off with a flourish in November. The uneven surface of the greens, moreover, makes it hard when you're putting to determine the line and speed. And so what happens? Golfers score about the same as they do under perfect conditions, sometimes better. Despite having to play the dreaded three-iron for their approach on a hole where they could get home in summer with the friendly five, they hit the greens in the same number of strokes. Despite the roughness of the aprons and the greens, they also chip and putt as well as they ever did, developing a subtle sense of distance. In fact, if most players had the self-discipline to play heady "autumn golf" the whole year round, they would probably lower their handicaps three or four shots.

For the normal enthusiast who lives in the north temperate zone, the golf season ends only when the snow falls hard enough to stick. Even then there are some extremists who refuse to honor the elements. Banding together in groups who call themselves Snowbirds, they paint their golf balls a bright red and hack away on the snow and tundra. They are, in truth, sort of a race apart—men who unquestionably love golf but perhaps not nearly as much as they love doing things the hard way, like taking the stairs to the top of the Empire State Building or developing a sentimental attachment for the Washington Senators.

The essential point, though, would appear to be that golfers, being at the mercy of climate and weather and frequently forced to cancel their plans for a game even at the height of the "season," really admit to no set season. They play whenever they can, adjusting to everything short of flood and fire with a virtuosity that shames the chameleon. As such, they are a different breed from what might be termed the calendar athletes. I don't know if it is the same today as when I was a boy—Rutherford B. Hayes has passed on but otherwise I gather things are much the *same*—but every sport had its appointed segment of the year. Football began the week that school began, no sooner. The day after Thanksgiving, by some mysterious but potent agreement, the football was put away and the basketball came out. The first Saturday of spring vacation, without a word being exchanged, everyone suddenly showed up with his baseball paraphernalia. And so on and on, some implicit unwritten law decreeing a date for the beginning and end of each sport's season. Habit like that is hard to break and, being even today a slave to the old calendar, the idea of scheduling the All-Star football game for the heat of summer seems as weird to me as sitting down to cold cuts and coleslaw at Christmas.

Golf, as I say, is different. Any day that is not an irretrievably bad one is a good day for golf. And a fine spring or a fine autumn day—well, Llewellyn, the cup runneth over.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND





The offbeat beauty of late autumn is a wonderful setting for golf—the air is invigorating, the grass indecently green.



The shadows of late afternoon gently dapple the 14th fairway of the Meadow Brook course in Jericho, New York



Tee and green in early November: above, Shelley Mayfield, the Meadow Brook professional, tees off on the long 8th hole. Below, Mrs. Henry Lewis and Mrs. Philip Iglehart move briskly off the 13th green



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

FIRST DOWN IN THE BIG TEN ● THE JAVELIN GOES ROUND AND ROUND ● GREEK STARTING GATE ● PENNSYLVANIA'S MUSCLE MINES ● MISS SUPERTEST ● DETROIT'S HERBIVOROUS TIGER

DELAYED SHIFT

THE BIG TEN's tentative new guide to football survival (*see page 17*) is naturally gratifying to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED since the conference has arrived at conclusions remarkably similar to those which this magazine reached several months ago (*see page 16*).

We believe that the Big Ten is to be congratulated on the seriousness of its recent statement and are sure that something good for football will result. The Big Ten Conference is in a position of prestige and leadership. Other schools will surely take notice, and, surely, some of them ought to take notice.

The set of the tide in public and academic opinion now seems to be against hypocrisy, double-think and some other long prevailing winds of amateur sport. The sea will be a little choppy for a while but the resulting seasickness in some conferences will be hygienic.

WAYWARD JAVELIN

MODERN RULES governing the ancient Greek sport of javelin throwing insist only (except for a welter of technicalities concerning proper weights and measurements) that the javelin be held by its grip, which is near its center of balance, that it be thrown with such control that it lands point first, that the javelineer throw the spear from behind a specified line (actually a shallow arc) and that he approach that line along an indicated corridor 13 feet wide.

Fine and good. For these many years man has picked up his javelin, cocked his arm, run like a thief and flung. But recently in Spain, a 49-year-old, 242-pound enthusiast named Felix Erauzquin, a Basque, took hold of the grip of his javelin as you might take hold of the handle of a pail of milk, lifted it thigh high, ran a little way, then spun around and around and eventually, with his arm outstretched and the javelin describing a circle around him, let go.

When it landed, point first, it had traveled within 10 inches of the listed world record. It was sensational.

Next thing anyone realized, this new Barra Vasca technique—after the traditional old Basque (*vasca*) sport of throwing an iron bar (*barra*)—had reached Finland, where a stalwart young man named Antti Seppala, a good but not sensational javelin thrower, tried the spinning style, having first lubricated the palm of his throwing hand with soap in order that the shaft of the spear might slip easily out at the proper moment. Seppala threw it 270 feet 7.2 inches—two feet farther than the listed world record. A few days later Egil Danielson of Norway, one of the world's best, got out his soap to try the new method and sent the spear 304 feet 1.7 inches.

Track purists were stunned. Dana Zatopekova of Czechoslovakia, women's javelin champion at the 1952 Olympics, said, "If this new method is accepted I will personally break my javelin and use it as a support for tomato plants." D.T.P. Pain of Great Britain, honorary secretary of the International Amateur Athletic Federation,

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

● **Goodby to All That**

The Age of Electronics in pro football ended not with a whimper but a bang as NFL Commissioner Bert Bell "by unanimous consent of the 12 member clubs" outlawed coach-to-quarterback radio communications. Public reaction was bad, Bell said. Other headaches: poor reception, monitoring by rival team.

● **Final Test**

John Landy asked, and got, from the selection committee for Australia's Olympic track and field squad, 10 days in which to decide if he will be able to compete in the Games. Rest has helped Landy's sore leg tendons; he will resume hard training this week, and if trouble recurs will give up his place on the team.

● **Around the World in 12 Furlongs**

Even with Swaps and Macip out, the field to date for the $100,000 Washington International (Laurel, Md., Nov. 12) looks promising: L'Inconnue (Brazil), Chanteclair (Sweden), Prince Cortauld (Australia), and Hindu Wand (Canada)—plus C. V. Whitney's Career Boy and Sir Winston Churchill's Le Pretendant.

● **3,000 Miles by Ship, 500 by Car**

In next May's Indianapolis "500" look for more European drivers and more specially designed European cars. Exchange agreement worked out through the International Automobile Federation also provides for 10 Indianapolis drivers and cars to compete in 500-mile race at Monza, Italy next June.

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announced, "I shall put forward a proposal [at the Nov. 18 meeting in Melbourne] to alter the rules so we shall be able to preserve the traditional style of javelin throwing. Twirling around three times like a ballet dancer doesn't seem to me to be the point of javelin throwing, particularly when you don't know where the thing is going to land."

Pain's objections seemed sound, particularly when later word from Finland revealed that one near-record toss had slipped out of a soapy hand at the wrong angle and had gone flying over the stadium fence.

In New York, Dan Ferris of the AAU was asked what he thought about it.

"Well," Dan said genially, "I don't know anything about it, except what I've read in the papers. I haven't *seen* it. But from the explanations I've read, it would seem to be perfectly legal. The



trouble is, they don't seem to be able to control the direction. That could be pretty dangerous. Might even kill a couple of officials.

"Though," he went on, "the hammer throw can be dangerous, too. That's why at most meets in this country they hold the hammer throw outside the stadium. Maybe they could do the same thing with this new javelin throw. Hold it out in the lots someplace."

If the Barra Vasca style captures the sporting imagination of the world, out in the lots may well be the only solution. And, of course, if the IAAF has the courage to experiment with this modern challenge, they could not pick a better laboratory than Australia.

There, in 3 million square miles, live only 9 million people, or an average of just three per square mile. An errant javelin there wouldn't be likely to pink anything more than an occasional jack rabbit.

GREECE HAD A GOLDBERG

THE MOST NATIONALISTIC of U.S. turfmen will not deny that the horse, the saddle, the track and even bookies are foreign inventions, but they claim the starting gate (introduced in rudimentary form at Bowie, Md. in 1922) as their own. Dr. Oscar Broneer, a Swedish-born professor of classical archaeology at the University of Chicago, has news for them—he has discovered (with an assist from the playwright Aristophanes) that the darned thing was invented by the ancient Greeks and used 2,300 years ago, to get human foot racers off their marks at the Isthmian Games. He did not arrive at this conclusion, however, without deciding that ancient Greece must also have had an inventor with a Rube Goldberg flair.

The doctor ran across evidence of the ancient starting gate by sheer chance last summer, while digging around old temples near Corinth. In the process of sifting away the accumulated topsoil of 20 centuries, he came upon a stone pavement into which a curious pattern had been chiseled. Sixteen deep grooves radiated from a pit in the paving to a long, straight line which traversed it. At first he wrote the discovery off as some sort of illustration of a problem in mathematics. Then he found lead-lined holes sunk every three and a half feet along the long line and near them bronze staples set in lead.

At this point Aristophanes came to his aid. A footnote to the playwright's work, *The Knights*, reads: "The 'balbis' is the name of a piece of wood lying transversely at the start of the race course . . . after the runners are ready to go, they [the man or men in the pit] let down the balbis and let the runners start." Dr. Broneer realized that he had stumbled upon the ruins of an ancient stadium, that his paving was part of a running track and that the long, straight mark across it was the starting line. He put upright stakes in the lead-lined holes and, with this beginning, went on to reconstruct the starting device.

Greek sprinters—who usually raced 606 feet, a distance known as a "stadium"—set off from a standing start. Dr. Broneer hinged a crossbar to each pole at a little above waist level. He ran cords along the grooves, through the bronze staples, up the poles and out to the free ends of the crossbars. When he crouched in the pit behind the starting line, he could raise the crossbars like semaphores by pulling on the cords and could make the bars drop simultaneously simply by releasing them. "But," he was asked last week in Chicago, "wasn't a runner in danger of bumping the end of the bar as it fell?" Greek runners, he said, grinning, seldom tried to jump the gun. If they were caught they were not just set back a yard; they had to erect a statue of Zeus outside the stadium as penance.

HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

FOOTBALL SQUAD rosters do not often make entertaining reading but there is something about the rosters of the Atlantic Coast Conference teams which, when read in a kind of Vachel Lindsay rhythm, can wake a man up instead of putting him to sleep. Like the beat, beat, beat of a Cole Porter tom-tom there recurs throughout these listinga one incessant note—Pa., Pa., Pa.

The eight-team ACC lists no fewer than 102 Pennsylvanians—35 of them at North Carolina State. The N.C. State squad, in fact, carries more Pennsylvanians than the University of Pennsylvania, which has a mere 22. For comparison in a similar geographical area, the Southeast Conference lists only 13 Pennsylvania players and, in fact, only 55 players from north of the Mason-Dixon line. The ACC, a third smaller, has three times as many—172 Yankees.

An SEC coach explains it:

"We just cull our home territory well. Those guys in the Coast conference refuse to realize there are good boys at home. They're all trooping to Pennsylvania. Well, I'll tell you. Those coal miners up there may be big and strong but we found that so many of them were numbskulls that even our colleges were too rugged for them academically. We find we do much better at home."

The explanation of an ACC coach does not differ much. It goes like this:

"I still think that Pennsylvania boys are good, and besides we've got to have them. For one thing, Jim Tatum started importing these Pennsylvania boys to our league and got too strong for the rest of the conference. This is bad for both morale and gate receipts. So we had no choice but to try to beat him at his own game. There just aren't enough good boys in the Carolinas and Virginia to stock all our rosters and the SEC has got Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Mississippi sewed up."

The ACC rosters break down like this:

Clemson: 8 Pennsylvanians, 11 Northerners all told, 18 out-of-state Southerners.

Duke: 10 Pennsylvanians, 24 total from the North, 15 out-of-state Southerners.

Maryland: 20 Pennsylvanians among 34 Northerners, 6 out-of-state Southerners.

North Carolina: 15 Pennsylvanians, 19 Northerners, 14 out-of-state Southerners.

continued on page 28



"Strike indeed! This is a clear case of mutiny."

continued from page 26

North Carolina State: 35 Pennsylvanians, a total of 45 Northerners, 5 out-of-state Southerners.

South Carolina: 5 Pennsylvanians, 12 from the North, 15 out-of-state Southerners.

Wake Forest: 5 Pennsylvanians, a total of 11 from the North, 10 out-of-state Southerners.

Virginia: 4 Pennsylvanians, 10 from the North, 5 out-of-state Southerners, 1 Iranian.

It looks as if the trend might continue. A glance at a few freshman squad lists shows North Carolina with 16 Pennsylvanians out of 24 Yankees on its 58-man frosh squad; Wake Forest with 24 Yankees, including 12 Pennsylvanians (and three Canadians) on its 43-man squad; and North Carolina State has 16 Northerners on its 33-man squad, including 12 from, naturally, Pennsylvania.

DEMAND AND SUPPLY

IN Washington, Conn., The Gunnery, a boys' school, was playing football host to its old rival, Canterbury, and was on its way to a 35-13 defeat. A Gunnery cheerleader, sensing that the



time had come for all-out student support, called for the school's "long yell."

"Give me a G!" he exhorted, and the students roared out a heartening response. The aim, of course, is to roar through all the letters it takes to spell out "Gunnery"—but this cheerleader, having got his G, threw everyone into confusion by next demanding: "Give me an E!"

Well, the startled students gave him nothing much, our special correspondent reports, but a Gunnery English teacher could be heard for rows around, ruling in a clear voice. "In spelling," he proclaimed, "I give you F."

THE PURE ICY UNKNOWN

WHEN the famed *Slo-Mo-Shun V* of Seattle became airborne, flipped end over end and all but killed Driver Lou Fageol in the Gold Cup trials two years ago, speedboat men began to wonder whether propeller-driven hydroplanes were not being pushed to the ultimate fringes of controllable speed. The suspicion deepened when Henry Kaiser's *Hawaii Kai* shattered into kindling wood at 193 mph last winter. But Detroit's devil-may-care Danny Foster, a hawk-faced, wonderfully articulate ex-fighter pilot, did not share it; Foster has a feel for high-speed boats which amounts to genius, and when he tried Canada's awesome *Miss Supertest* last spring he began itching to explore the unknown with her.

The oversize (three and a half tons), overpowered (with a 2,500 hp Rolls Royce-Griffon engine), mahogany-hulled *Miss Supertest* failed in the task for which she was built—to bring the Harmsworth Cup to Canada. She broke a quill shaft before the Gold Cup and did not compete. But hydroplanes must be tuned like fine watches; neither Foster nor Owner Jim Thompson despaired. This month, on Lake Ontario's Bay of Quinte, they babied the big boat to bellowing perfection; in one experimental burst Foster pushed her up to 200 mph. Then they waited. One afternoon last week they got perfect water—miles and miles of surface patterned with delicate one-inch ripples. Foster climbed jubilantly aboard and set off to break the late Stanley Sayres' world record of 178.497 mph set in *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* in 1952.

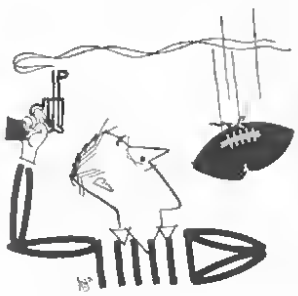
He had seven miles of water to run before he reached the buoys marking the measured mile. He built his speed to 175. "I wanted to see what she had. So I laid it to her. She was just alive. We were going so fast just like that I had to back her off. I figure we were going about 220." Had he opened her all the way? Not at all. "I wouldn't even guess how much more she has," he said. He throttled back to 200 and *Miss Supertest* flashed into the mile with a towering hissing rooster tail of white water flung into the sky behind her. On shore, Owner Thompson watched in awe. "She wasn't hollering or bellowing or roaring—she was just humming—just going like hell. I've never seen anything like it."

Out in the flying boat, Foster sat in a sort of ecstasy. "I didn't have to move the wheel a sixteenth of an inch. I just relaxed and let her go. She never moved up, down or sideways. I felt like we were sliding on a big sheet of ice—just gliding along like we didn't weigh anything. The wind was beating at my clothes and the water was just shooting by. There was a buoy halfway up the course, and it shot past me so fast it looked like a sea gull. But there really wasn't much noise. I just sat there and looked up the lake three or four miles to keep her straight."

Then Foster saw the innocent-looking face of death—a seven-inch wave—apparently left by a cabin cruiser which had passed near the course six minutes before. "All I could do was brace my arms against the wheel, and we hit it. I was afraid we'd lift up and take off the way Fageol did in *Slo-Mo V*. We didn't. She lifted but she came down on her left sponson. The water sheared off that sponson just like you ran it through a band saw. From then on it was all stop."

In a twinkling the boat jolted from 200 mph to 50. Foster was flung forward so hard that his body bent the spring steering wheel into a lopsided pretzel; his head hit the rim, his goggles cracked, his nose and forehead were cut. The boat, incredibly, "didn't waver an inch." But the record had been snatched away. A run of 20 seconds for the measured mile would have meant an average of 180 miles an hour. *Miss Supertest* had used up only 17 when she hit the wave and had only 150 yards to go.

"The boat is fantastic," said Foster as he brought her to shore. "I had it robbed right out from under me."



GRID CRISIS

The second half will be delayed,
The timer caused it all;
Some quick repairs are being made,
His shot went through the ball.

—F.E. WHITE

GRRR!

THERE IS a new order of things in Detroit baseball: new owners, a new manager and hope. Hope is predicated on the belief that the brilliant young Tiger cubs need only the ministrations of a volatile manager to growl their way into pennant contention. There is no intention here to decry that hope, only a word of caution. The new Detroit manager, Jack Tighe (rhymes with fly), who considers himself "fiery and aggressive," is a vegetarian.

SMILE, PLEASE

A wedding, a birth, a royal visit are a few of the events recorded by the sports camera as it brings smiles in focus around the world



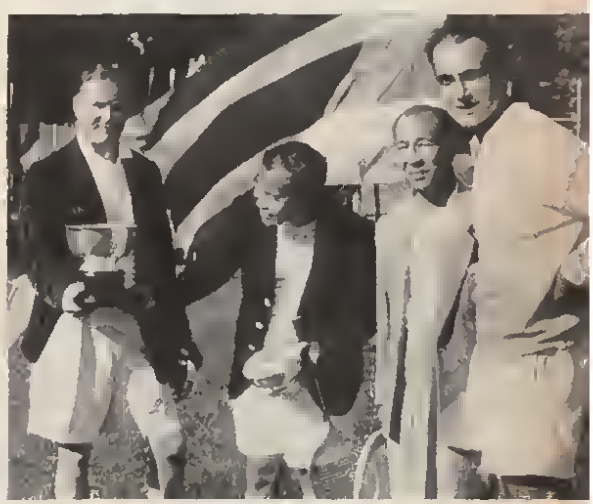
IN BRISBANE Ken Rosewall and bride cut cake for Ken's partner Lew Hoad (*left*), Davis Cup Captain Harry Hopman.



IN NEW YORK the Prince and Princess of Monaco visit a boys' athletic club, giving 8-year-old Joseph Garcea a royally held target.



IN ST. LOUIS Enos (N.Y. Yankees) and Helen Slaughter enjoy a glimpse of their new daughter, held by nurse, Mrs. Dean Holland, at St. Luke's Hospital.



IN WASHINGTON Thai Minister Thuaithep Devakul admires diplomatic tennis trophy he has just won.

IN MINNEAPOLIS Congress Candidate George Mikan gets most famous grin.



IN HAWAII, en route to Japanese exhibitions, Dodger Pee Wee Reese does an impromptu hula



IN SOUTH BEND Adlai Stevenson observes Notre Dame-Michigan State



SATURDAY AFTERNOON, U.S.A.



PRINCETON TIGER (Student Bill Briggs in authentic tiger skin) peers over the shoulder of Lois Wideman in Palmer Stadium.



TIGER FANS Ron and Floyd Wideman flank Lois at Columbia game. Football weekends feature parties and picnics (*below*).

PREGAME BUFFET on station-wagon tail gate, Ivy League fixture, demonstrates that the old-fashioned raccoon coat is now back on the campus. From left are Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foose Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moffatt and Mrs. Richard Bartholomae.



Brilliant October drew Americans outdoors from coast to coast, in a variety of moods and costumes to match the kaleidoscopic range of choice for a weekend's pleasure—and to prove, incidentally, that 'spectators' (as at Princeton, opposite) often actively join in the fun, while 'participants' (in New Mexico, below) may take time out to just sit and think



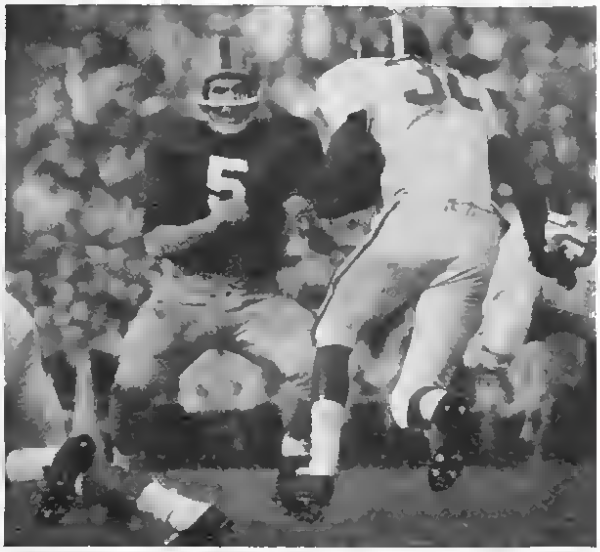
BEAR HUNT on a ranch near Cimarron, N. Mex., sponsored by Southwest outdoorsmen, the self-styled Nimrods, drew an enthusiastic field but bagged no bears. Resting en route on log are (*left to right*) Hunters Ernie Simmons, Ed Jeffers, Hobdy Gann.

HE FAKED, PASSED, TACKLED, BLOCKED,

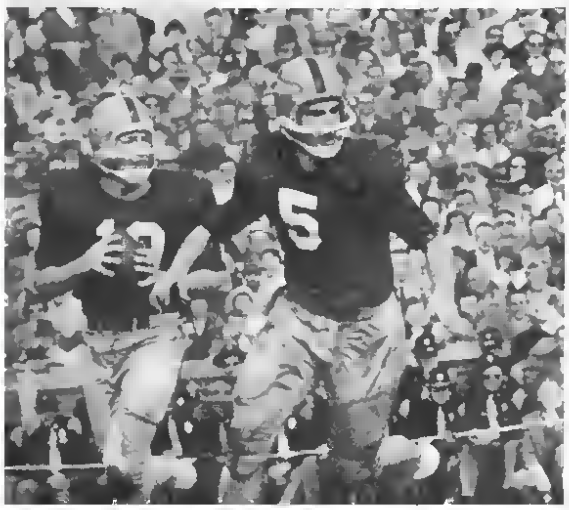


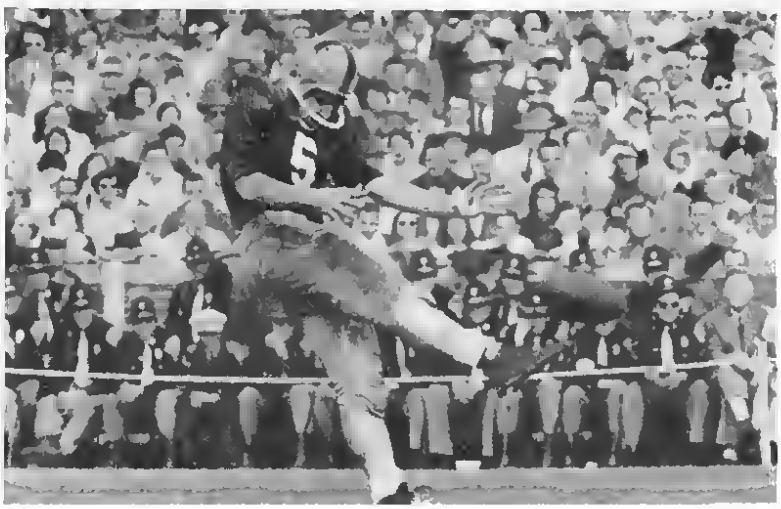
HORNUNG (5), HERE FAKING A HAND-OFF, QUARTERBACKED NOTRE DAME TO TWO TOUCHDOWNS, MOST YET SCORED AGAINST MICHIGAN STATE

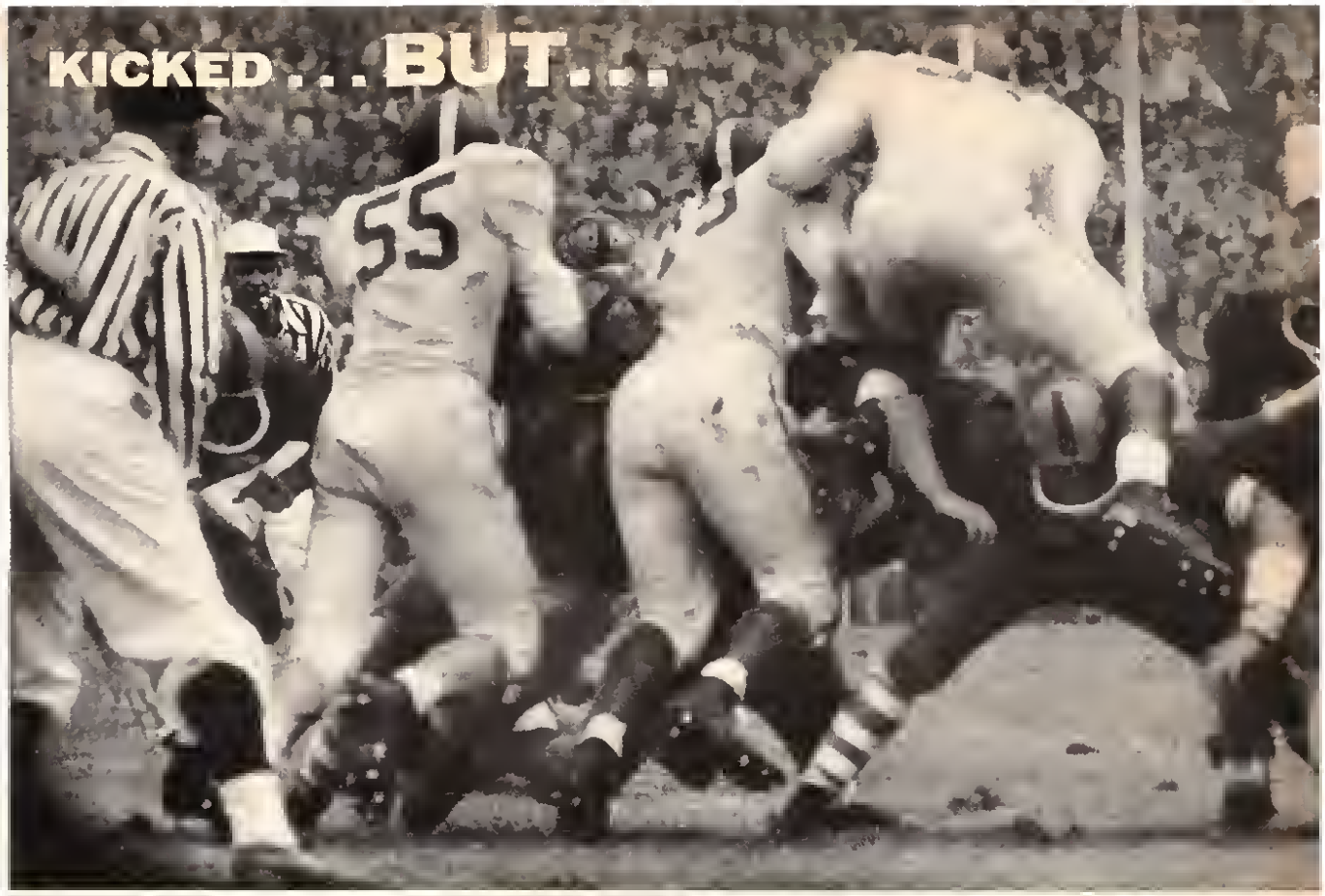




HORNUNG PASSED 178 YARDS, MADE LAST-MAN TACKLES, AS AGAINST ART JOHNSON (38, ABOVE), RAN INTERFERENCE, AND DID THE KICKING







AGGRESSIVE, SWARMING AND DURABLE MICHIGAN STATE LINE POWERHOUSES ONE OF NOTRE DAME'S FORWARD THRUSTS TO CRUSHING STOP

FOOTBALL: FIFTH WEEK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

MICHIGAN STATE 47 NOTRE DAME 14

No. 5, the rangy boy in the green jersey, was the outstanding man on the field. He led his team with hot skill, this senior playing his last year for Notre Dame. He did everything else that could be asked of a man. He passed (for 178 yards), blocked, tackled, kicked and—toward the end—wept. It was not quite enough. Quarterback Paul Hornung's Notre Dame team, a team rich in promise and in sophomores, managed to hold Michigan State 7-7 at the half. After that it was Michigan State in a demonstration of power, wave on wave, that followers of the Spartans will long remember.

But it will also be worth remembering awhile that, at the end of the game when Paul Hornung walked off the field, he was surrounded and escorted by his conquerors, the whole Michigan State team.

The night before the game Hornung turned in early but had a hard time getting to sleep. When sleep did come it brought a series of bad dreams and fitful awakenings dominated by a mammoth scoreboard flashing: Michigan State 21, Notre Dame 0. The reality the next day was worse than the nightmare: Michigan State 47, Notre Dame 14.

Early in the game, Hornung judged that State was vulnerable on the outside. In the huddle he told his team: "Listen you guys, if we can stay fired up, this team can be had." Stay fired up they did, and early in the second period a pair of Hornung passes took it to the eight. A few plunges later, Hornung pitched out to Halfback Frank Reynolds for the touchdown. Hornung converted.

Halfback Dennis Mendyk, 183 pounds of straight-arming uncooperativeness, gathered in the following kickoff for Michigan State and set off. He was all alone at mid-field with nothing between him and the goal line but daylight when Hornung appeared on the scene and dumped him. But 12 plays later State scored. Hornung, shaken up and taken out of the game when he tackled Mendyk, returned to action and ran the kickoff back 30 yards. Through the rest of the half neither team could score; and the score stayed 7-7. In the dressing room Coach Brennan slammed Hornung on the back and announced, "Fellows, you have 30 minutes more to pull off one of Notre Dame's greatest achievements."

But in football, as in song, "*que sera, sera.*" Michigan State had too many guns. Substituting liberally and powerfully, the Spartans used their depth to grind down Notre Dame's inexperienced line. When the score swelled to 27-7, Hornung knew that something drastic had to be done. His old Louisville schoolmate, Halfback Sherrill Sipes, came

continued on next page

back to a huddle and said, "Horn, throw me one. I can get clear in the middle." The pass covered 17 yards to the State three. Sipes went over on the next play for a touchdown and Hornung converted.

The Soutb Bend cheers soon turned to moans of pain as State ground out seven touchdowns in all for the highest score in all of its 23 games with the Irish. Hornung was still pitching when the gun sounded. After he left the dressing room, his back was slapped red by pummeling student admirers.

Three hours later he was standing in front of the mirror in his tiny room at 219 Walsh Hall, shaving for a 9 o'clock date. "Don't let anybody tell you it's easy to be a good loser," he said through a ring of lather. "It isn't. It's the toughest thing in the world. But the way those Notre Dame kids treat you after the game—they make you almost happy you lost." He paused in the middle of a razor stroke and added: "I said, almost." —JACK OLSEN

PENN STATE 7
OHIO STATE 6

FOR 51 MINUTES and 46 seconds Coach Woody Hayes's Buckeyes, unbeaten and eying a third straight Big Ten title, and Coach Rip Engle's Nittany Lions, a respectable Eastern power but a 17-point underdog, battered each other about with good old-fashioned defensive might. Both had their opportunities, but neither could bend the other back enough to score in this fierce intersectional contest.

At that point in the stalemate, Penn State Quarterback Milt Plum, whose educated toe proved the difference in the teams, spiraled a 73-yard, wind-helped punt that set Ohio back on its haunches at the three. OSU appeared to be digging out of the hole and was ready to gamble on a fourth down situation needing less than a yard on its own 24. Coach Hayes foiled this by sending in a substitute. The delay cost Ohio State five precious yards, forcing a punt. This turn of events gave new life to tbe Lions and seemed to unstarch the Bucks. Thirteen plays later Penn State had pumped 45 yards with Gilmore carrying the last foot for a touchdown after two other shots from the same spot had been thwarted. Plum then kicked the margin of victory.

With only 3:35 remaining, the Buckeyes regathered their poise, dusted off tbeir rusty air arm and soared 80 yards in just five plays for a touchdown of their own, Sophomore Don Clark slamming the last three. Kremblas set himself for the extra point try only to see Hayes again substitute, costing OSU five more precious yards. Kremblas, who then missed the point, tried to recoup with an onside kickoff. But Tackle Clint Law smothered the ball for Penn State on his 48, and the Lions stalled out the remaining minute and 58 seconds—a painful period for the Bucks and their 82,584 faithful witnesses.

Hayes electrified writers when he announced after the game, "I lost the game with my dumb decisiona . . . don't blame the kids. The mistakes were mine."

Tbe bubbling Engle didn't aee it quite that way. "Tbese kids of mine deserved to win," he said. "We beat a great team and a great coach." —KAYE KESSLER

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Georgia Tech	Penn State
Michigan State	Southern California
Michigan	Tennessee
Mississippi	Texas A&M
Ohio State	Texas Christian
Oklahoma	

WYOMING 30
UTAH 20

HE'S THE BEST all-round back I ever coached," purred Wyoming Coach Phil Dickens after the game. Dickens was purring about a sturdy, long-muscled halfback named Jim Crawford, who singly and deliberately wrecked Utah Saturday afternoon and lifted Wyoming to within close range of the Skyline championship. The loping halfback from the little cow town of Greybull, Wyo. lugged the ball 31 times, more than the entire Utah team. He piled up 154 yards rushing, only three less than the entire Utah team. He shouldered 22 yards through right tackle in the first period to score Wyoming's first touchdown; he flipped a 10-yard pass for the second touchdown at the end of the first period; pounded to the one-yard line to set up the third touchdown just before the half. His tackling and blocking, especially bis blocking, were just as battering as his rushes.

It was a whacking victory for Wyoming; they had never won a homecoming game from Utah and, by some relentless hex, had beaten the Redskins only once at Laramie in the 32 years the schools have been playing. Witb only mediocre opposition the rest of the season it looks like an unbeaten year for the Cowboys—provided Jim Crawford stays healthy. —ROBERT AJEMIAN

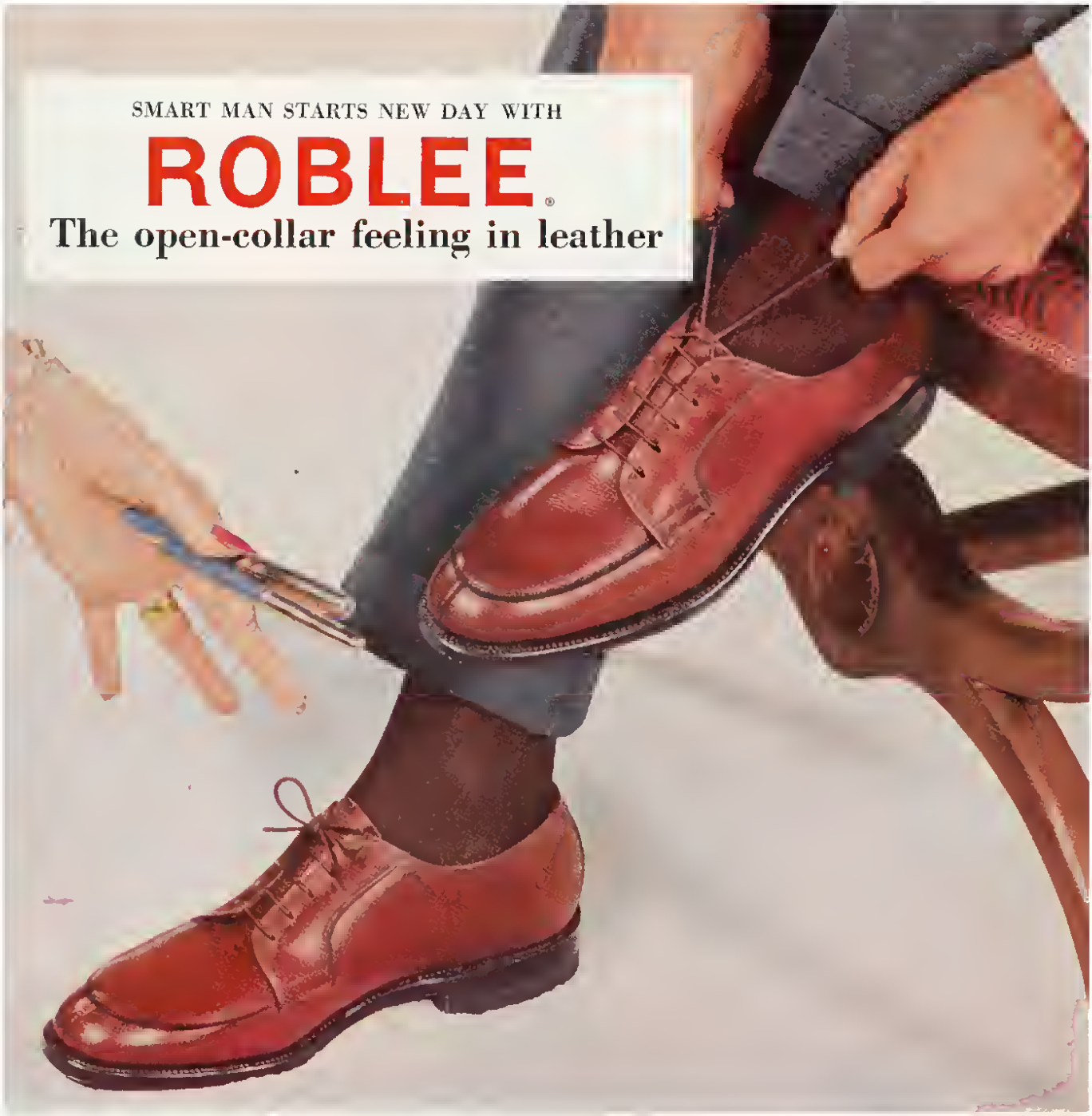
TULANE 10
MISSISSIPPI 3

THE higbly ranked Rebels of the University of Mississippi are a solid, sound and strong football team. They block viciously. Their team speed reminds one of Oklahoma. On defense they rank second in the nation, having given up only one touchdown (to Kentucky) in their first four games. Yet somehow Ole Miss went down before fired-up Tulane 10-3, in full view of 30,000 astounded witnesses in Jackson, Miss. last Saturday night.

It looked at the start like no contest. In a driving rainstorm Tulane Fullback Ronnie Quillian let the ball slide off his foot and out of bounds at his own 27. With Fullback Paige Cothren driving up the middle, Mississippi reached the Tulane 12. Then Cothren, owner of one of college football's most educated toes, calmly booted a 12-yard field goal, his sixth of the young season. The game was less than five minutes old. As the teams sloshed back and forth for the rest of the first half, Ole Miss was clearly superior.

The rain stopped, the moon came out and the Tulane team exploded immediately after the second-half kickoff. On the first scrimmage play Tulane's tiny (5 feet 10 inches, 160 pounds) Quarterback Gene Newton burst through his right guard, cut far to the right and suddenly was free at the sidelines. He had the vital step on three Mississippi defenders and simply outlegged them 86 yards to score.

The clinching break came at the end of the third quarter when Mississippi fumbled at midfield. Fired with the thought of victory, Tulane then put on its only drive of the night. When the march died, Tackle Emmett Zelenka calmly dropped back to his 21 and booted a field goal into a strong wind from a poor angle. —LEE GRIGGS



A SPRING TO HIS STEP this morning! Literolly! The secret is inside our friend's good-looking Roblees. Under the boll of the foot is o full cushion  of foomed rubber. There's onother under  the heel. Inside, o foomed rubber  orch-cushion. A steel shonk supports firmly  under the orch. Add o super-flexible outsole  ond extro soft heel ond you hove the Cushion-Flex. You hove to feel it to believe it...in this shoe thot needs no breoking in. Block or brown colf. Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Compony, St. Louis.

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AROUND THE COUNTRY

by DON PARKER

IT HARDLY seemed possible, but another college football season had reached the halfway point, and now the ranks of the spotless leaders were growing thin. On a weekend of particularly heavy casualties, Ohio State, Texas Christian, Mississippi and Miami bit the dust. None was humiliated, to be sure, and only Miami—in its tie with a previously undistinguished Georgia team—showed that its ranking required a reappraisal. Oklahoma, with this week's Notre Dame game as the single small cloud on the horizon of another impeccable season, performed according to habit by stampeding over Kansas. Michigan State made Notre Dame look tamer than ever. Tennessee and Georgia Tech simply disposed of some neighboring opposition at their leisure. As expected, the major skirmish of the week took place in the Southwest, where Texas Christian and Texas A&M fought out a decision that must almost certainly decide the championship of the Southwest. As few expected, Texas A&M won it in a contest that was nearly as stormy as the Texas weather in which it was played, which included winds as high as 90 miles per hour.

THE EAST

SUPPOSEDLY the weakling of college football, the East looked as if it had been doing some body-building on the sly. Both **Penn State** and **Pittsburgh** tested some brawny types in other regions and were in no way lacking.

Among the stay-at-homes, **Syracuse**—with a loss to Pittsburgh marring an otherwise perfect record—trapped **Army** 7–0. As usual, Jim Brown was the big noise. The 212-pound halfback set up the only touchdown with a 36-yard run to Army's five, added 89 more yards on 21 other carries.

The Ivy League turned into a two-horse race between **Yale** and **Princeton** as both teams continued undefeated and untied. Yale trounced **Cornell** 25–7, while Princeton edged **Colgate** 28–20, thanks to Tailback Tommy Morris, a one-man gang who scored three touchdowns, passed for the fourth and held for all four conversions. **Columbia** performed handsomely for retiring coach Lou Little when it topped **Harvard** 26–20. **Dartmouth** tied **Holy Cross** 7 7 in non-Ivy activity, while **Penn** beat **Brown** 14–7 for its second victory of the season.

In the Yankee Conference, **Connecticut** continued its apparently irresistible march to a championship with a 13–7 win over **Maine**. Two of the finest small-college quarterbacks in the country met pass-to-pass in Waltham, Mass., when **Brandeis'** Jimmy Stehlin and **Springfield's** Les Plum called signals in what turned out to be an exciting and dramatic 20–20 standoff. Springfield had been untied and unbeaten.

Virginia's Jim Bahktiar was upset before going against **Lehigh** because he had forgot to bring his bottle of Geratol to Bethlehem, Pa., but the pile-driving Iranian was not short on energy as he scored one touchdown, booted a 19-yard field goal and three extra points to provide the margin of victory in the Cavaliers' 24–12 win. In losing, Lehigh's Quarterback Dan Nolan set a new school passing record, completing eight of 16 for 193 yards.

Lafayette won its fifth in a row, 13-7, over scrappy **Bucknell** to remain undefeated. Other scores:

Amherst 27, Coast Guard 14
Bates 28, Middlebury 0
Villanova 27, Boston U 13
Delaware 14, New Hampshire 6
Kings 26, Scranton 14
N'eastern 32, Holstra 12
Rhode Island 34, Mass 13
Trinity 40, Colby 19
Vermont 6, Rochester 0
Williams 13, Bowdoin 7
Worcester T. 26, Wesleyan 7
Juniata 44, Dickinson 13

THE SOUTH

WITH MAJOR UPSETS removing one challenger in each circuit from immediate contention, both the Southeastern and Atlantic Coast conference races turned into two-team squabbles last weekend. In both cases, the leaders are heading straight for climactic games with each other.

Powerful **Georgia Tech** and **Tennessee** stand at the head of the SEC and will meet on Nov. 10 in Atlanta. **South Carolina** and **Clemson** are alone in the ACC lead and come together this week in their annual "big Thursday" State Fair grudge match.

Two upsets grabbed the major attention. **Tulane** shocked previously undefeated **Mississippi** 10-3, and **North Carolina** came suddenly alive to wallop **Maryland** 34-6 in conference battles.

The two remaining SEC leaders had little trouble with conference foes. Georgia Tech, improving with each game, methodically took **Auburn** apart 28-7. Tech has a different star each week. This time it was little (156 pounds) Johnny Menger, a halfback who ran 60 yards to set up a score, returned a punt 87 yards for another touchdown. Another little man, Tailback Johnny Majors (162 pounds), did some dazzling running as unbeaten Tennessee handed **Alabama** its 17th straight loss 24-0. Majors loped 43 yards for a touchdown, set up one more. In other intraconference games, **Florida** dumped **Vanderbilt** 21-7, as Vandy was powerless without injured star Quarterback Don Orr. In a night game, two fourth-down yardage gambles by **LSU** went wrong and **Kentucky** capitalized on both for touchdown drives and a 14-0 triumph. Outside the league, aroused **Georgia** played overconfident **Miami** off its feet for a 7-7 tie. **Mississippi State**, trailing unexpectedly at halftime, recovered for a 19-9 victory over **Arkansas State**.



ALLTIMER

This is Arizona's Art Luppino who clipped off 54 yards against New Mexico to set a new college-career rushing record of 3,257 yards, eclipsing Alan Ameche's old record by 45.

While Clemson and South Carolina were resting for their big game, other ACC teams were playing outside opponents. **Duke** lost to rugged **Pittsburgh** 27-14, and **North Carolina State** got its multiple offense going after three straight losses for a 20-0 triumph over **Dayton**. **Wake Forest** battled **Florida State** to a 14-14 tie, while unbeaten **George Washington** stayed at the top of the Southern Conference by basbing **VMI** 40-14 with a five-touchdown avalanche in the second and third periods. Other scores:

Navy 13, Cincinnati 7
West Va 20, Wm & Mary 13
Wofford 23, The Citadel 19
Davidson 43, Stetson 7
Chattanooga 28, Ab Chris 20
Southwestern 42, W & L 0
Randolph Macon 20, Guilford 7
Hamp-Syd 34, West. Md 14
Wabash 23, Sewanee 6
Miss. South 27, Mamp St 0
Miss. College 0, Miisaps 0
Centre 26, Georgetown (Ky.) 7
W. Ky. St 14, E. Ky St 6
Va. Tech 46, Richmond 14

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN FOOTBALL prestige was both boosted and blasted on Saturday. No one in the Midwest will listen for a minute to the notion that Oklahoma is a better football team than **Michigan State** after Coach Duffy Daugherty's Spartans crushed **Notre Dame** 47-14. Yet, while the Spartans were winning friends and influencing sportswriters, powerful and undefeated **Ohio State** was upset by **Penn State**, a team from the East, of all places, 7-6. The Nittany Lions surprised everyone

continued on next page

AROUND THE COUNTRY

continued from page 37

by holding Ohio State's tremendous ground game to 188 yards. It was a scoreless tie with only 3½ minutes remaining in the game when Penn State Halfback Bruce Gilmore plunged to a touchdown from the one-foot line. Quarterback Milt Plum kicked the extra point that won the game, as Ohio State roared back to score a minute and a half later but missed the conversion.

Undefeated but once-tied **Minnesota** continued to flash power, defeating speedy **Illinois** 16-13 on a 22-yard field goal by Fullback Dick Borstad with less than three minutes to play. **Michigan** sophomore Fullback John Herrnstein scored three touchdowns as his team defeated stubborn **Northwestern** 34-20 for its first Big Ten win. **Wisconsin,** muffing five scoring chances, had to settle for a 6-6 tie with **Purdue. Indiana** rallied to beat **Nebraska** 19-14, and undefeated **Iowa** easily dropped **Hawaii** 34-0.

In the Big Seven Conference, **Oklahoma** scored its 34th consecutive victory over a fired-up **Kansas** squad 34-12, with the Sooners picking up 20 points in the second period. While Oklahoma was thus winning its second conference game, **Colorado** stayed a step ahead in the Big Seven standings by blistering **Iowa State** 52-0, for a 3-0 record. John Bayuk scored three times and outgained the entire Iowa State team, 145 yards to 133. **Missouri** opened its conference play by coming from behind to dump **Kansas State** 20-6.

In the Missouri Valley Conference, **Houston** scored twice in the first half, then stopped **Oklahoma A&M** drives on the two and the six to post a 13-0 victory. The Cougars now top the conference with a 1-0 record. **Tulsa** stayed close behind (1-0-1) by shading **Detroit** 3-0 on Quarterback Chuck Wine's 24-yard, first-period field goal. **Wichita** trotted out most of its squad in defeating **Drake** 27-14. Other scores:

Col of Pac. 28, Marquette 6
Miami (O.) 16 Ohio U. 7
Wash. 13, Western Mich. 7
Bowling Green 34, Toledo 12
Bradley 26 Omaha 13
Carleton 40, Grinnell 12
St. Norbert 20, Lewis 13
Kent State 25, Marshall 7
Heidelberg 27 Denison 14
Wayne 28, Case Tech 7
West. Res. 40, Slip. Rock 38
St. Olaf 40 Knox 6

THE SOUTHWEST

THE FOOT counted more than the yard in Southwest Conference victories last week. **Texas A&M** yielded more over-all yardage to **Texas Christian** in the wind and rain at College Station but won by a foot—Lloyd Taylor's conversion—7-6. **SMU,** outrushed by **Rice,** cashed in on Tommy Gentry's two conversions 14-13. The foot also played an important role through three-quarters of the only other conference game, but **Arkansas** finally overcame a 14-13 deficit to plaster **Texas** with a late surge for a 32-14 triumph.

Halfback Charlie Jackson gained 50 of SMU's 80 yards in their fourth-quarter comeback, but the longest gainer of the night was a pass from Charlie Arnold to End Willard Dewveall good for 69 yards and a touchdown. Baylor, Texas A&M and SMU now share the conference lead with 1-0 records.

In the Border Conference, **Arizona State** posted its second straight league win and fifth straight of the year, downing **Hardin-Simmons** 26-13. **West Texas State** shared the conference lead with Arizona State (2-0) by crushing **New Mexico A&M** 45-0 for its fifth straight win. Fullback Charlie Sanders scored three touchdowns as he ran for 211 yards.

Texas Western, also with two wins and no losses in conference play, dropped its first game in five outings to **North Texas State,** 13-6.

Arizona's semi-crippled Art Luppino set a new intercollegiate rushing record to help his teammates past **New Mexico** 26-12. Other scores:

McMurry 57, Corpus Christi 0
Louis Col 20 Texas Luth 19
S'west Tex 32 S F Austin 6
Arkansas A&M 20, Ouachita 6
N'eastern State 9 S W State 6
E Tex State 13, Austin College 7

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

WYOMING'S COWBOYS all but wrapped up the Skyline Conference football championship by defeating **Utah's** Redskins 30-20 at Laramie. The victory was the big one of the league season, as the "Pokes" upended the September favorite with a stirring October performance.

Coach Phil Dickens' players were superb in two of football's most vital departments —blocking and tackling—as they delighted the homecoming crowd. Jack Curtice, Utah's coach, remarked, "That Crawford's what makes 'em go," as he paid tribute to Jim Crawford, Wyoming's star halfback, who carried the ball 31 times for 154 yards rushing.

Utah State rocked **Colorado A&M's** defending Skyline champs 46-7 at Logan; **Montana** won its first Skyline victory in four starts by taking advantage of costly errors by **Brigham Young** 21-14. Five BYU fumbles provided the difference in a game that enables the Grizzlies to vacate the Skyline cellar. **Denver** beat **Colorado College** 40-21 Friday night in the 54th and final game of a rivalry that dates back 71 years.

The freshman-sophomore **Air Force Academy** won its fourth straight game 49-6 over **Colorado Mines.** What once appeared an ambitious schedule for the young Air Cadets now seems little more than a series of Saturday afternoon workouts. Other scores:

Montana St. 26 Idaho St. 6
Carroll 27 Rocky Mt. 6
Eastern Mont. 7, Northwest 0
Col. St. 40 Panhandle A&M 6

THE FAR WEST

THE **USC** Trojans, playing their best defensive game of the year, forced **Washington** into seven lost fumbles for a 35-7 win at their Los Angeles Coliseum home. Sparked by Jon Arnett and C. R. Roberts, who ground out 157 and 152 yards respectively, the Trojans racked up 432 yards rushing and 22 first downs. Roberts and Arnett pulverized the Washington line all afternoon and had it so dizzy trying to watch both sides at once that the defense looked like tennis spectators. **UCLA** ran up a quick 14-0 lead at Berkeley and clobbered **California** 34-20, as Tailback Doug Bradley made his fifth and last game this year a memorable one.

John Brodie personally took care of **Oregon** 21-7, completing 11 out of 21 passes for the **Stanford** win.

Washington State's passing attack was zeroed for the second straight week as **Oregon State** blanked the Cougars in Pullman 21-0. It was Oregon State's first victory in Pullman in 10 years. The Beavers were led by Sophomore Earnel Durden, who scored two touchdowns and set up a third with a 30-yard, fourth-quarter run on a fake punt. The win left OSC very much in contention for the Rose Bowl.

The **Whittier** Poets thumped **Occidental** 32-14. **Redlands** shut out **Pomona-Claremont** 14-0, while **Cal Poly,** of San Luis Obispo, shattered **Long Beach State** 65-12. Other scores:

Puget Sd. 20, Cent. Wash. 12
East. Wash. 27, Pac. Luth. 7
Whitworth 21 British Col. 13
Cal. Aggies 14 Santa Bar. 6
Lewis, Clark 28, Chico St. 26
Humboldt St. 20, W. Wash. 13
San Jose St. 27 San Diego St. 27
Fresno St. 28, San Fran. St. 0

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

CENTRE COLLEGE'S Praying Colonels of Danville, Ky., famed for their "impossible" 6-0 win over Harvard in 1922, showed their oldtime verve in winning their 17th game in a row 26-7 over Georgetown (Ky.).

BILL ENGLEHAROT of Omaha and Dick Jamieson of Bradley, numbers one and four respectively in the nation's total-offense race among small colleges, butted heads Saturday, and Jamieson won by a scant yard—182 to 181.

CONNECTICUT Halfback Lenny King is the kind of fellow who would give the shirt off his back for a touchdown. In gaining 737 yards and scoring 36 points for the UConns in five games, King has lost 12 jerseys.

GOAL-LINE STANDS: Northwestern stopped a Michigan drive on the one-yard line; Navy, Tulane and Penn State held on the three; Penn stopped Brown on the two; Purdue held Wisconsin on the two and three; Syracuse stumped Army on the five and then inches from the goal; Texas A&M dug in against TCU within the three twice; Houston fended off Oklahoma A&M on the two and six.

YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you're watching football

HERMAN HICKMAN and Artist ROBERT RIGER combine their talents in an illustrated guide to the common rule infractions which the fan—as well as officials on the field—can be alert to

Most misunderstood

FOOTBALL is one of those games that can send spectators into fits of frenzied delight, spells of muddled confusion or a combination of both states of mind. Rule infractions and subsequent penalties are probably the most frequent causes of incomprehension among the spectators. Perhaps the most moot and sometimes misunderstood of these rules are those which concern forward pass interference, clipping and what constitutes a safety.

Interference doctrine

IT IS ILLEGAL for a defensive player to interfere with an offensive player while he is trying to catch a pass. And turn about: an offensive player mustn't interfere with a defensive player attempting an interception. As a guide, the official has the premise of a bona fide *simultaneous* attempt to catch or bat down the ball— in this case "interference" is not interference. In all other cases it *is*. Penalty: a first down for the fouled team at the point of interference. (One exception: defensive interference in the end zone which gives the ball to the offense on the one-yard line.)

Clipping doctrine

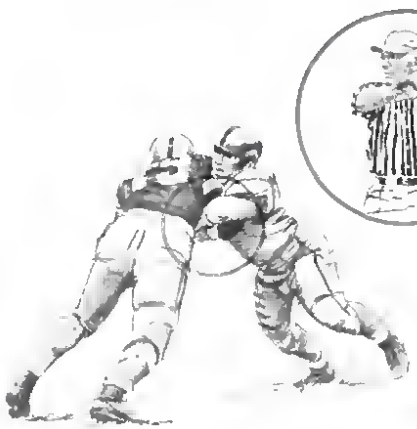
CLIPPING is running or diving into the other fellow's back or throwing or dropping the body across the back or legs of an opponent not carrying the ball. This is the rule. However, no official should ever attempt to call this foul unless he spots it from its inception. Many a time an opponent can turn his back to a potential downfield blocker as contact is made. This is not clipping.

Safety doctrine

TO DISTINGUISH between a safety (2 points) and a touchback (no score), the spectator should keep in mind that the deciding factor is which team gave impetus to the ball. If the offensive team fails to advance the ball beyond its own goal line (*e.g.*, a runner trapped behind the line of scrimmage in his own end zone), it is a safety. A touchback, more common, results when a punt, kickoff or intercepted pass is grounded in the end zone by the receiving team without attempting to run it out. Then the ball is placed in play on the 20-yard line of the receiving team.

BELOW AND ON NEXT TWO PAGES ARTIST RIGER TAKES OVER

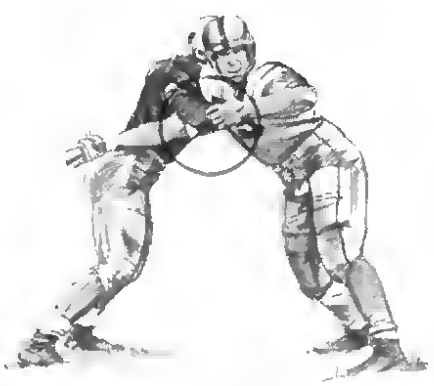
DEFENSIVE TEAM (WHITE JERSEYS) HOLDING



HOLDING: offensive man is arm-locked to keep him from moving to play—5 yards.

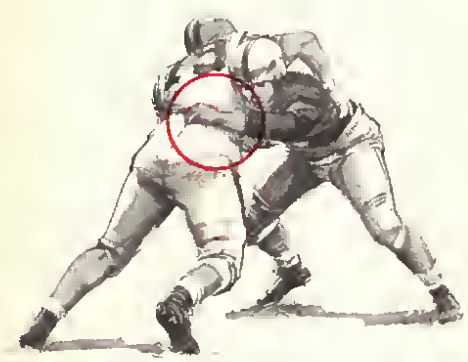


SCISSORING END: a potential pass receiver is pinned to scrimmage line—5 yards.

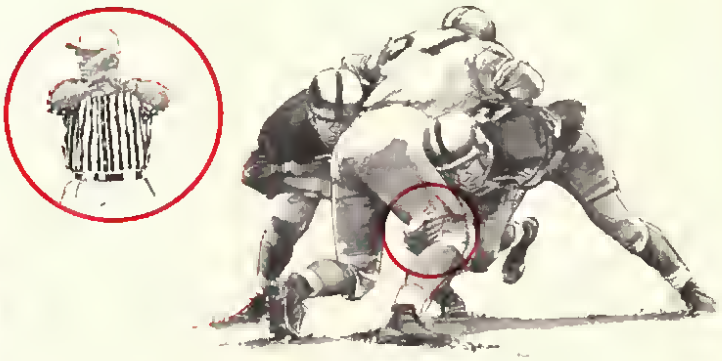


CRY WOLF: defense fakes being held by hooking arm of offensive lineman—5 yards.

OFFENSIVE TEAM (BLACK JERSEYS) HOLDING



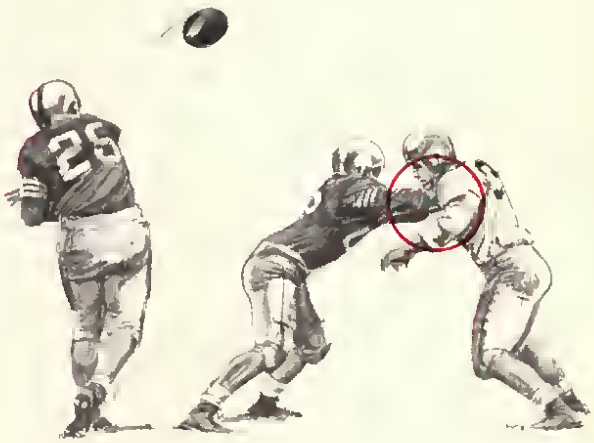
ILLEGAL SHOULDER BLOCK: blocker must have hands in contact with his own body. Note the looping left arm—15 yards.



HAND HOOK: inside offensive man (*right*) clasps defensive man's right knee in the execution of a two-on-one block—15 yards.

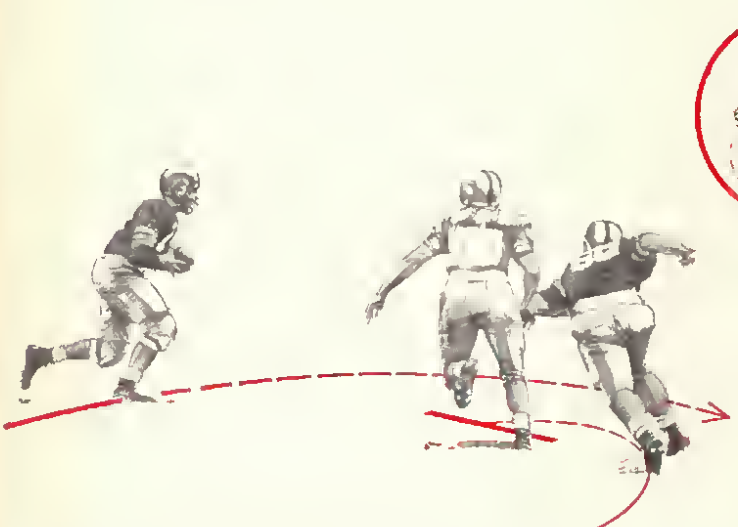


ELBOW-AND-KNEE HOOK: man protecting passer pinches defensive player by combined use of his thigh and arm—15 yards.

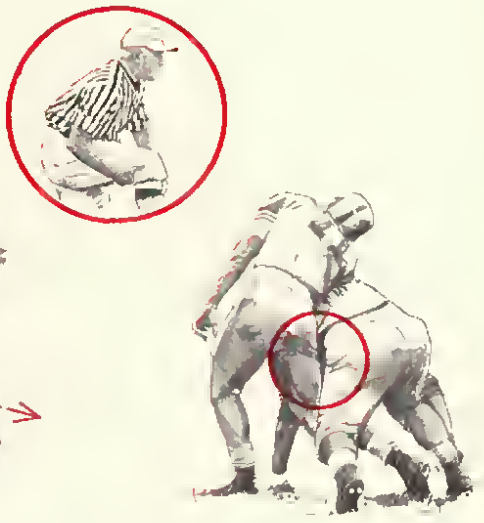


CLOTH BLOCK: hard-to-detect maneuver gets name because the pass protector grasps jersey of rusher and holds—15 yards.

OPEN FIELD CLIPPING

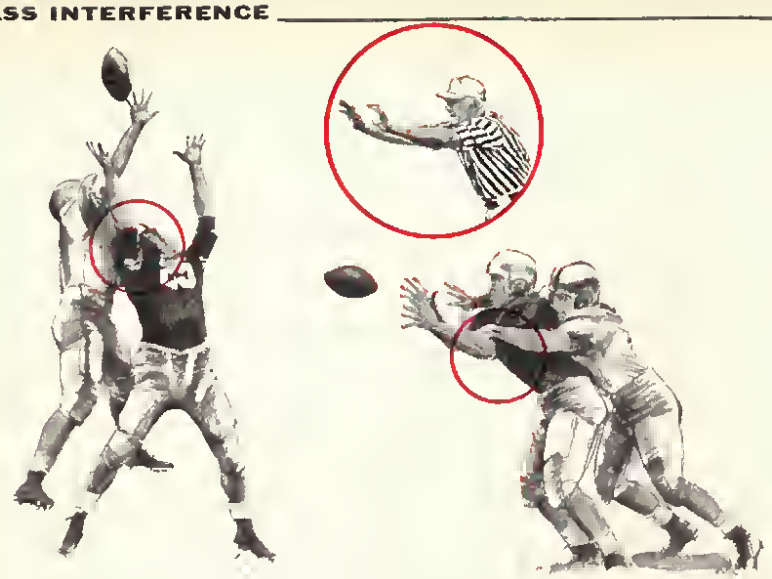


DOWNFIELD APPROACH: blocker must make legal contact by getting head in front of potential tackler. If not—15 yards.



REAR CRAB BLOCK: blocker may not make contact above or below waist from rear. Penalty: 15 yards from spot of foul.

PASS INTERFERENCE



HOLDING: defender holds receiver with one hand while batting ball with the other.

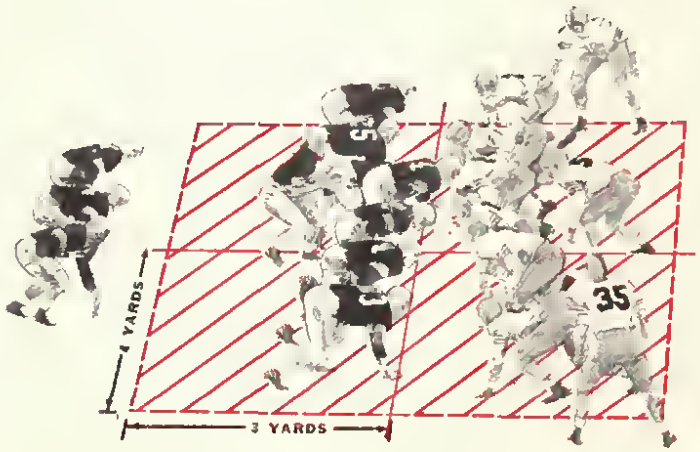
ARM HOOK: instead of playing the ball, defender clamps receiver's arms from rear.



TACKLE INTERFERENCE: receiver is being tackled illegally before the catch.

PUSHING RECEIVER: again defense is playing the man instead of playing the ball.

LEGAL CLIPPING ZONE



CLIPPING IS LEGAL in close line play in an area (*lined above*) extending laterally four yards on each side of the middle of the offensive line and three yards in depth.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For Games of Saturday, Oct. 27

● **Stanford vs. Southern California.** Triumphant Trojans bent on blasting bowl bid of Indians. Taylor's tribe will retaliate with fakes, feints and passes. Career-ending crusade for Jon Arnett a victory. USC.

● **Baylor vs. Texas A&M.** Since San Jacinto no victory has been more satisfying to the Aggies than their storm-tossed triumph over TCU. All the while Baylor's unbeaten Bears rested, watched and waited at Waco. Good spot for Baylor. Still, TEXAS A&M.

● **Notre Dame vs. Oklahoma.** In September Sooners-Irish set-to at South Bend loomed as the game of the year. The colossus from Norman still stands untested, but young Irish have drunk deeply the bitter dregs of defeat. Notre Dame's best showing of the season. Still, OKLAHOMA.

● **Georgia Tech vs. Tulane.** Tech's senior star-studded squad running smoothly as expected. Unsung Green Wave great in Navy and Ole Miss wins. Could wreck Tech too, but still, GEORGIA TECH.

● **Michigan vs. Minnesota.** Once-tied Gophers going good. Once-beaten Wolverines will have their hands full. Both must win to stay in Rose Bowl contention. MICHIGAN.

● **Texas Christian vs. Miami.** Force of Hurricane will be spent before reaching Fort Worth. Horned Frogs battened down and ready, bounce back. TCU.

● **Ohio State vs. Wisconsin.** Beaten Buckeyes just another team outside of conference. Depleted Badgers play better than expected this season. Fifteenth consecutive Big Ten win for OHIO STATE.

● **Penn State vs. West Virginia.** Nittany Lions lifted eastern prestige by Ohio State win. Mountaineers can't be taken lightly, but PENN STATE.

ALSO:

Oregon State over UCLA
Pittsburgh over Oregon
Mississippi over Arkansas
Syracuse over Boston University
Army over Columbia
Michigan State over Illinois
Princeton over Cornell
Northwestern over Indiana
Navy over Pennsylvania
Purdue over Iowa
Florida over LSU
Tennessee over Maryland
Washington over California
Virginia Tech over Virginia
Missouri over Iowa State
Tufts over Williams
Yale over Colgate

Last week's hunches:
15 right, 8 wrong, 2 ties
Record to date: 95-25-5

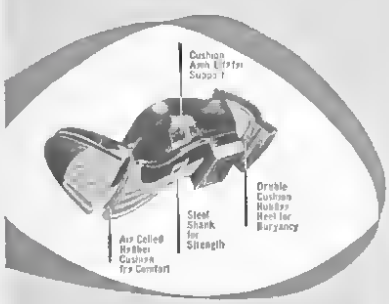


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EASTERN CONFERENCE

The **Cleveland Browns,** slowly becoming acclimated to the quarterbacking of George Ratterman after 10 years with Otto Graham, must make a new re-adjustment now. Ratterman, sneaking for a first down against the **Washington Redskins,** hooked his foot under a pileup, and suffered a severe knee injury when he was tackled viciously. It happened in the first quarter; the Browns, thereafter quarterhacked hy Substitute Vito (Babe) Parilli, went on to take their third loss in four games 20-9, failing to score a touchdown.

"We have an acute situation," Paul Brown, Cleveland's meticulous coach, said later. "We're not going to ask Otto Graham to return—he's retired, and he has business interests of his own. We are not as good as we were last year—that's obvious to everyone. Ratterman was just beginning to get strong-armed—since his auto accident a couple of years ago, it takes him about a third of a season to develop a strong arm. We'll bave to make out the best we can with Parilli, hut it would have come to that eventually anyway." Brown signed Tommy O'Connell, the Illinois Rose Bowl quarterback of 1952, to spell Parilli. O'Connell spent the 1953 season with the Chicago Bears and was with them for the first two games of this season after two years in the Air Force. He was signed as a free agent. Defensively, the Browns are as good as ever: in 1955 they allowed their opponents only 61 points in the first four games; this year they have allowed but 60. The offense has scored but 39; last year, 100.

The **Chicago Cardinals** continued to dominate the East, using an alert pass defense to beat the **Philadelphia Eagles** 20–6. The Eagles tried a minor surprise when Quarterback Bobby Thomason, who never runs, ran on three occasions to pick up first downs. The **New York Giants** made themselves at home in Yankee Stadium hy hattering the **Pittsburgh Steelers** 38–10 before 48,108 fans, largest opening crowd in club history. Quarterhack Chuck Conerly warmed up slowly, but when he got hot his aim was unerring, and the wonderful Giant running backs powdered the Pittsburgh line all afternoon. Twice the astute Conerly took advantage of a rookie Pittsburgh defensive back, hoth times throwing for touchdowns.

	W	L	T	Pct
Cardinals	4	0	0	1.000
Giants	3	1	0	.750
Eagles	2	2	0	500

	W	L	T	Pct
Steelers	1	3	0	.250
Browns	1	3	0	.250
Redskins	1	3	0	.250

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Bobby Layne, **Detroit Lion** quarterback who has weathered eight winters in the corrosive climate of pro football, seems to grow in versatility with age. He kicked two field goals—a new skill for him—against the **San Francisco 49ers** to help the Lions squeak past the Coast team 20-17. Howard (Hopalong) Cassady chugged for most of the yardage to set up Layne's final, game-winning boot, which came with only 17 seconds to go. This victory, the fourth in a row for Detroit, confirms suspicions that Coach Buddy Parker has mended all the cracks in the Lion structure. The 49ers found some solace in the running of Hugh McElhenny, who set up touchdowns with 61- and 28-yard gallops.

The **Chicago Bears**—1956 version—displayed their new and tremendous offense for the edification of their predecessors, the 1920 Decatur Staleys, as they overpowered the **Baltimore Colts** 58-27. The 1920 and 1921 Staleys were guests of Bear Owner George Halas, who had helped organize the original team, forerunner to the modern Bears. The oldtimers could marvel at the growth of the pros as they watched, for there were 48,364 people in the stands, more customers than the old Staleys would entertain in an entire season. The Bears, who have jelled into a beautifully versatile team, mixed passing and running judiciously, gaining 209 yards on the ground, 268 through the air. This must have pleased Clark Shaughnessy, one of the inventors of the modern T formation and now a vice-president of the club. Shaughnessy, a true genius in football tactics, always contended that an even division of yards gained passing and rushing was the essential ingredient of winning football. Only sour note in the game was George Blanda's first miss of an extra-point try since 1951. Blanda had kicked 156 in a row, a league record, in a span of 53 games.

The **Los Angeles Rams** continued to have difficulty against passing as they lost to the **Green Bay Packers** 42–17. Tohin Rote, the tall, lean Texan who quarterhacks the Packers, threw for three touchdowns, pinpointing fellow Rice Alumnus Bill Howton often enough for Howton to break one of Don Hutson's long-standing Packer records—the most yards gained hy a pass receiver in a single game. Howton caught seven for 257 yards; Hutson's record was 237 yards, set against the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1947.

	W	L	T	Pct.
Lions	4	0	0	1.000
Bears	3	1	0	750
Packers	2	2	0	500

	W	L	T	Pct
Rams	1	3	0	250
Colts	1	3	0	250
49ers	1	3	0	250

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

3—bottom Leslie Jacobs 4—John G Zimmerman 19—A P 26, 28—drawings by Arjay 29—A P INP (2) Robert Phillips-Black Star, I N P, A P, John G Zimmerman 30—David Moore 31—Don Blair 43—John G Zimmerman 44–47—manikins designed by Stanley Glaubach, photographs by Walter Daran 48—Hy Peskin, 51—A P (2), 52—A P, U P, 53—J C Meadors A P, 54—U P, I N P, 55—John G Zimmerman, 66, 67—Joe Clark (2) Gregg Smith, 68—silhouettes by Arthur Singer, photographs by George Kew Black Star 73—Morris Rosenfeld 74—Harry Shaw Newman The Old Print Shop, 75—right, Morris Rosenfeld 76—Edwin Levick from Frederic Lewis 77—Morris Rosenfeld 84—I N P, A Martin Herrmann Pittsburgh Press

PREVIEW

THIS WEEK: OKLAHOMA!

After testing Michigan State, the nation's No. 2 team, the Irish of Notre Dame on Saturday grapple with Oklahoma—No. 1; Coach Terry Brennan looks ahead with concern but no fear

TERENCE PATRICK BRENNAN, the child prodigy of football coaches, nihhled a hamhurger and allowed as how his Notre Dame team is cruising down a humpy road indeed. "Michigan State one week," he muttered with something like a fearful sigh, "and Oklahoma next. And we have to play 'em with sophomores."

Apple-cheeked 28-year-old Terence Patrick, who looks lean enough to suit up for the Oklahoma joust (and wishes he could), admits that his injury-ridden team is somewhat in the position of a stalled Volkswagen on the Union Pacific's main line. He can see Oklahoma coming, but he does not know what to do about it. As Brennan says: "Oklahoma may not he the greatest team in the history of college football, but then again it may. And they'll he out to prove it against us."

This is not to say that the handsome Brennan has given up. "Oh, we have plenty of plans," he points out. "Like defense, for instance. We're a raw team playing an experienced team and, under those conditions, defense is everything. A green team can beat an experienced team if it's willing to gamhle—throw the long pass, try the old razzle-dazzle. But before you can get fancy, you've got to have the hall. And to get the hall you've got to have a good defense." The size of Brennan's prohlem will be apparent to the vast TV audience Saturday, when the Oklahoma-Notre Dame game will he on everyhody's set.

For three weeks, Brennan has had Backfield Coach Bernie Witucki scouting Oklahoma, and Witucki has heen filing some awesome reports. The gist of Witucki's information: good run, good block, good pass, good kick, good defense. "They may have a weakness," says Brennan, "but we sure can't figure out what it is. They use the split-T to perfection and, when you have veteran players running the split-T, you have a mighty thing indeed. Now they've started throwing in an unbalanced line and the single wing, and that's made them even tougher."

Brennan rates Wilkinson as a "great coach," but he also notes that Wilkinson has a few advantages going for bim. "They have 17 men hack from their first two teams of last year," his lament continues. "A team that went undefeated while it was still learning. They're now a polished unit, which means that if they could improve on an unheaten record, they would. A team as good as Oklahoma is made even hetter hy its own momentum. The regulars don't have to play 60 minutes of brutal football every game, and the reserves get a good practice session every Saturday. Why, Bud is lining up his next year's starting team in the middle of every season—be can afford to."

Brennan drained a glass of milk and lit a long cigaret.

"We have something going for us, too," be said. "For years, everybody's heen talking ahout the psychological advantage other teams bave when they play us. They had nothing to lose and everything to gain when they played us. . . . Oklahoma is in a funny position. If they lose or just harely squeak hy, you'll hear that old story: 'Oklahoma huilds its record against mediocre teams.' So they'll he out to heat us hy 10 touchdowns. . . . That's the way we want it to he. I'm not saying we're confident, but we're not exactly depressed, either."

Brennan stuhbed out his cigaret and headed for the practice field. "Say, wasn't tbat Terry Brennan?" a counterman asked. "Yeah," said another. "It shouldn't happen to such a nice guy." —JACK OLSEN

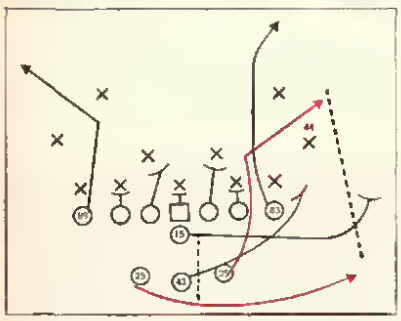
FOR OKLAHOMA-NOTRE DAME SCOUTING REPORTS, AND KEY PLAYS DIAGRAMED WITH FOOTBALL MANIKINS, SEE THE NEXT FOUR PAGES



STRATEGY CONCLAVE pairs Coach Brennan and Quarterback Paul Hornung during sideline talk in Michigan State game.

1 A NEW PERSPECTIVE: OKLAHOMA





1 *Football manikins—a completely new technique developed by* SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S *art department—here demonstrate three stages in one of the key plays of Oklahoma's explosive split-T offense, which Notre Dame will have to solve this Saturday. The play takes form as Quarterback Jimmy Harris (15), taking the ball from center, wheels and pitches out to Halfback Tommy McDonald (25), a brilliant runner and deft passer. The play poses a nearly impossible problem to the left corner back on defense (44), who cannot stop both pass and run.*



VETERANS ARE OKLAHOMA'S STRENGTH

THE LINE

STRONG, wise, and incredibly fast, the Sooner line will get the jump on the opposition both offensively and defensively. Linebacker Jerry Tubbs is probably the best at his trade in the nation; Tackle Ed Gray the same. The second unit is only a whisper less efficient than the seven starters, tbe next two units are good, too.



89 DON STILLER
End



73 ED GRAY
Tackle



68 JOE OUJESKY
Guard



53 JERRY TUBBS
Center

THE BACKS

TOMMY MCDONALD is as close to a sure bet for All-America as any halfback in college ball; and his running mate, Clendon Thomas, is rated even better by some scouts. Fullback Billy Pricer is a great linebacker, a deadly blocker and a thumping runner; Quarterback Jimmy Harris operates a potent T with skill and élan.



25 TOMMY McDONALD
Halfback



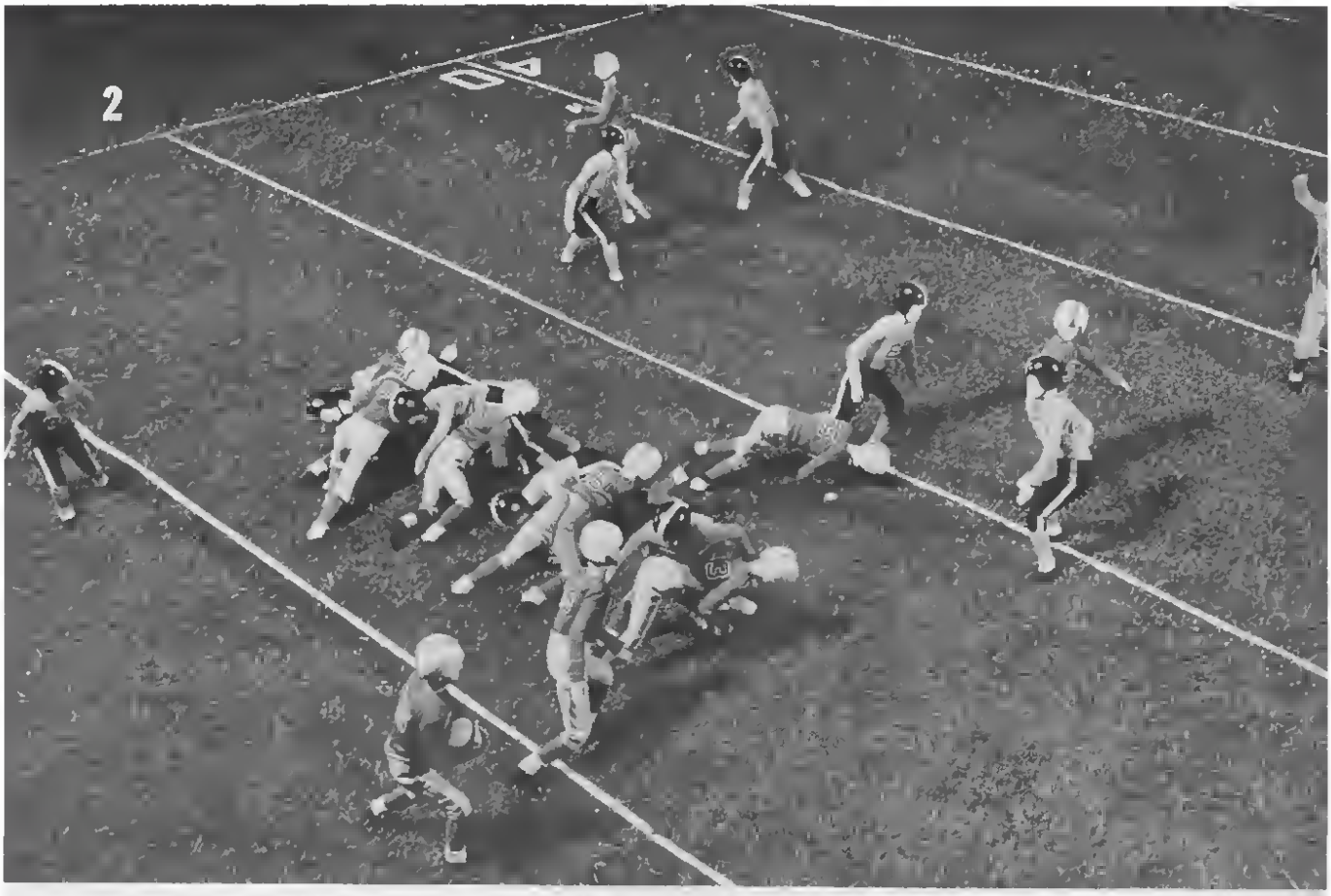
43 BILLY PRICER
Fullback



35 CLENDON THOMAS
Halfback

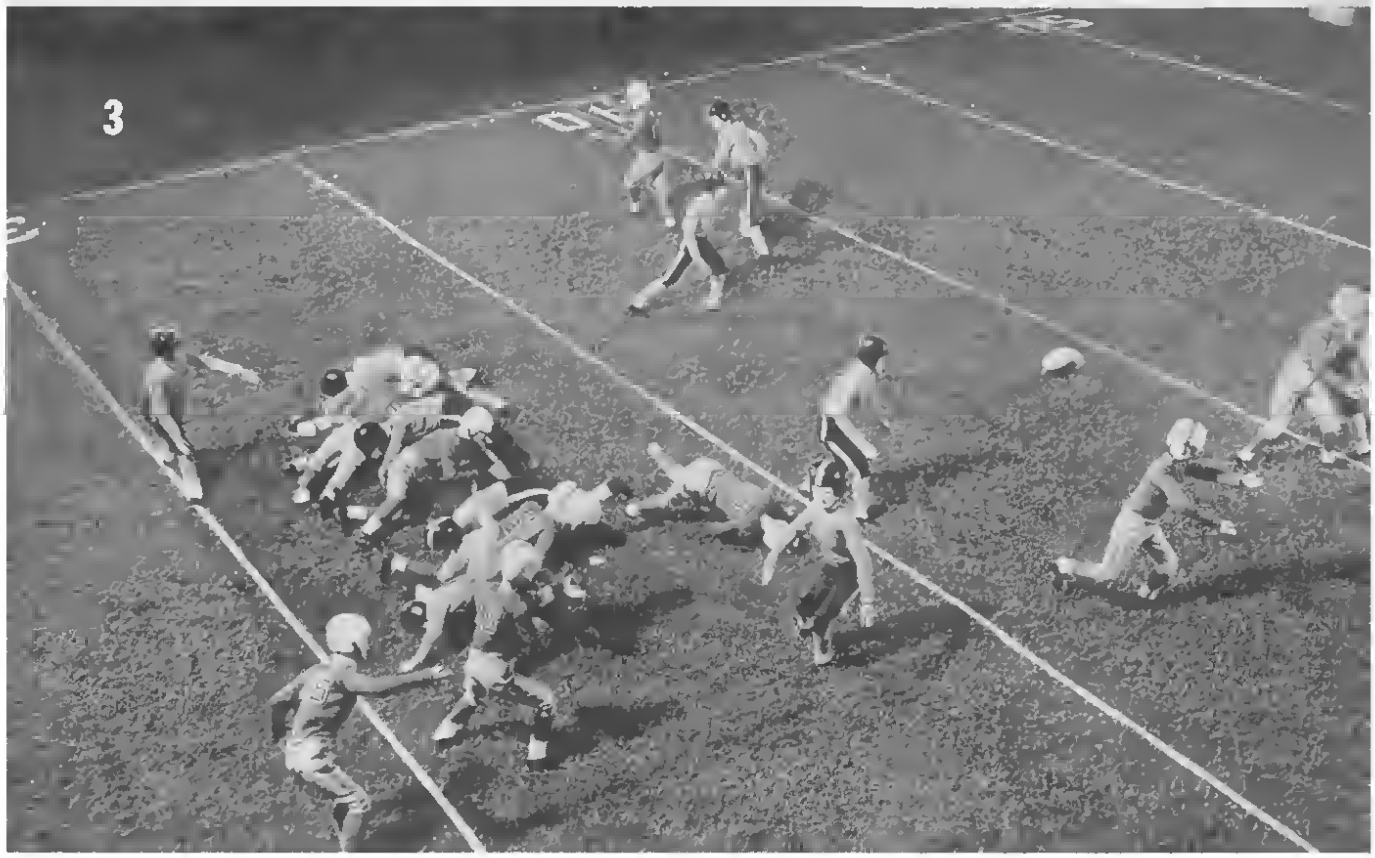


15 JIMMY HARRIS
Quarterback



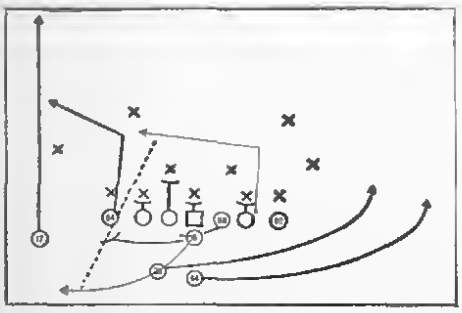
2 Now comes the awful decision for No. 44. Thomas (35) is cutting behind him, an obviously tempting target should McDonald pass. The Oklahoma right end, Bell (83) has gone into the deep back's territory. Harris (15) has come on from his quarterback post to block ahead of McDonald. The problem: should No. 44 come up fast to stop the run or stay with Thomas to guard against the pass? Whatever he does must be done unhesitatingly.

3 Here No. 44 has made up his mind and, inevitably, he is wrong. Moving up fast to handle McDonald's running, he has had to abandon Thomas, who is wide open, too far away for the linebacker (65) to catch. If the pass is completed then Thomas will have the blocking of the deep end, Bell (83) on the safety man to open the path for a long run. Had No. 44 stayed back, McDonald would have run behind the convoy provided by Harris (15).



1 A NEW PERSPECTIVE: NOTRE DAME





1 *Here the football manikins show how Notre Dame—also a split-T team, but* poor as Paddy's pig in experience—concentrates its offense around the versatile talents of its greatest asset: Quarterback Paul Hornung, who can run, pass and block with tremendous skill (*see page 32*). At the start of this play, Hornung (5) receives the ball from center and takes a quick step to his right to make the defense move in that direction, then fakes a handoff to his fullback, who is starting a wide sweep to the right, trailed by the left halfback. The right half is flanked.



SOPHOMORES ARE IRISH PROBLEM

THE LINE

YOUNGSTERS are notoriously apt to chase ducks in football—especially on defense. The Irish line has sophomores at both ends and both tackles. The middle—Center Ed Sullivan and Guards Gene Hedrick and Bob Gaydos—are all capable juniors. So the wise opponent only feints at the middle and aims his big guns outside.

THE BACKS

WHEN you talk of the Notre Dame backs, you start with Paul Hornung, an incomparable quarterback who can—and must—do everything. At halfback, Aubrey Lewis is fleet, good on defense; Jim Morse is a fine receiver and slashing runner. Fullback Jim Just can run with power but is subject to a sophomore's normal naiveté.



84 DICK ROYER
End



66 FRANK GEREMIA
Tackle



65 GENE HEDRICK
Guard



52 ED SULLIVAN
Center



23 AUBREY LEWIS
Halfback



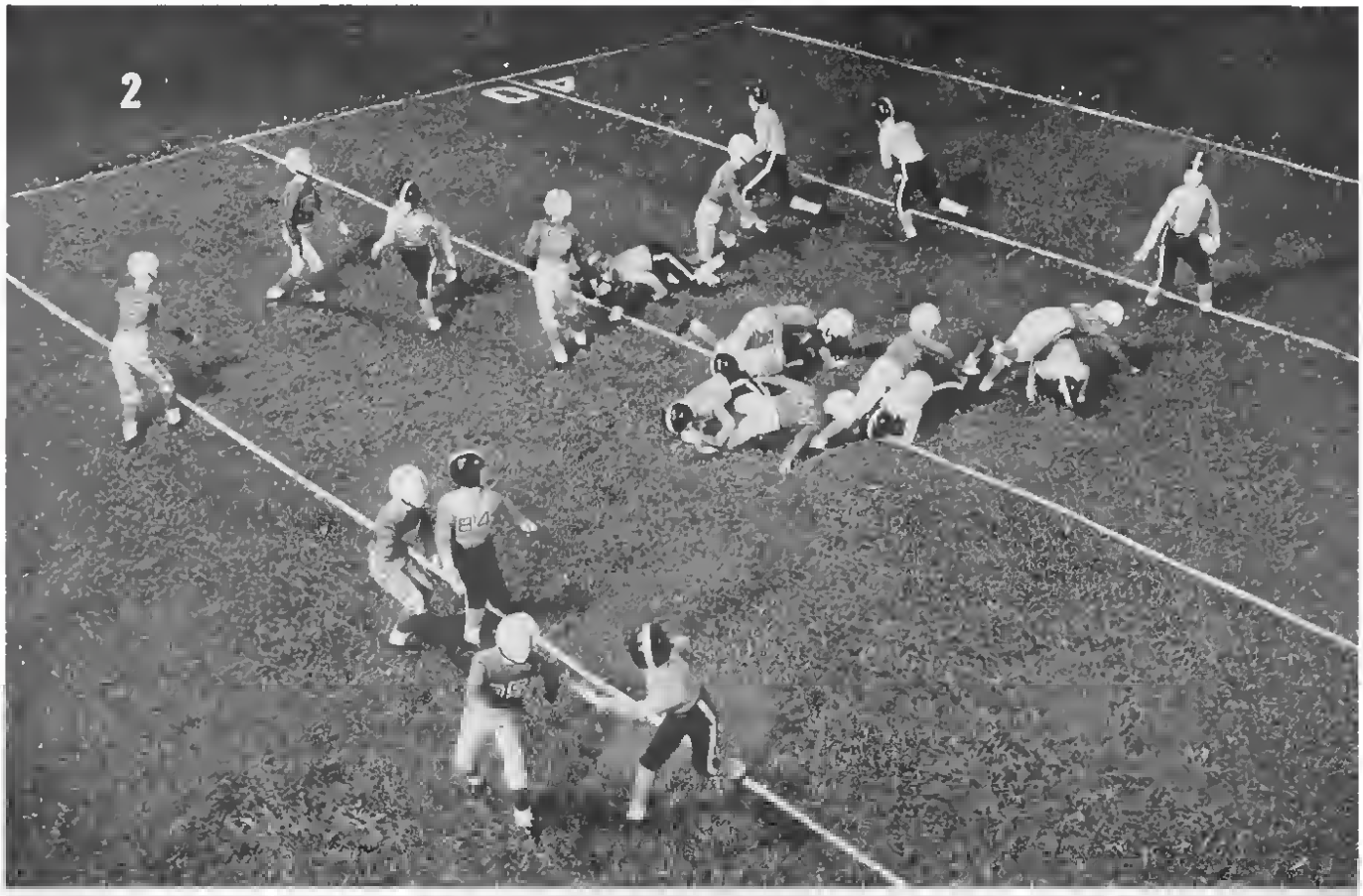
44 JIM JUST
Fullback



17 JIM MORSE
Halfback

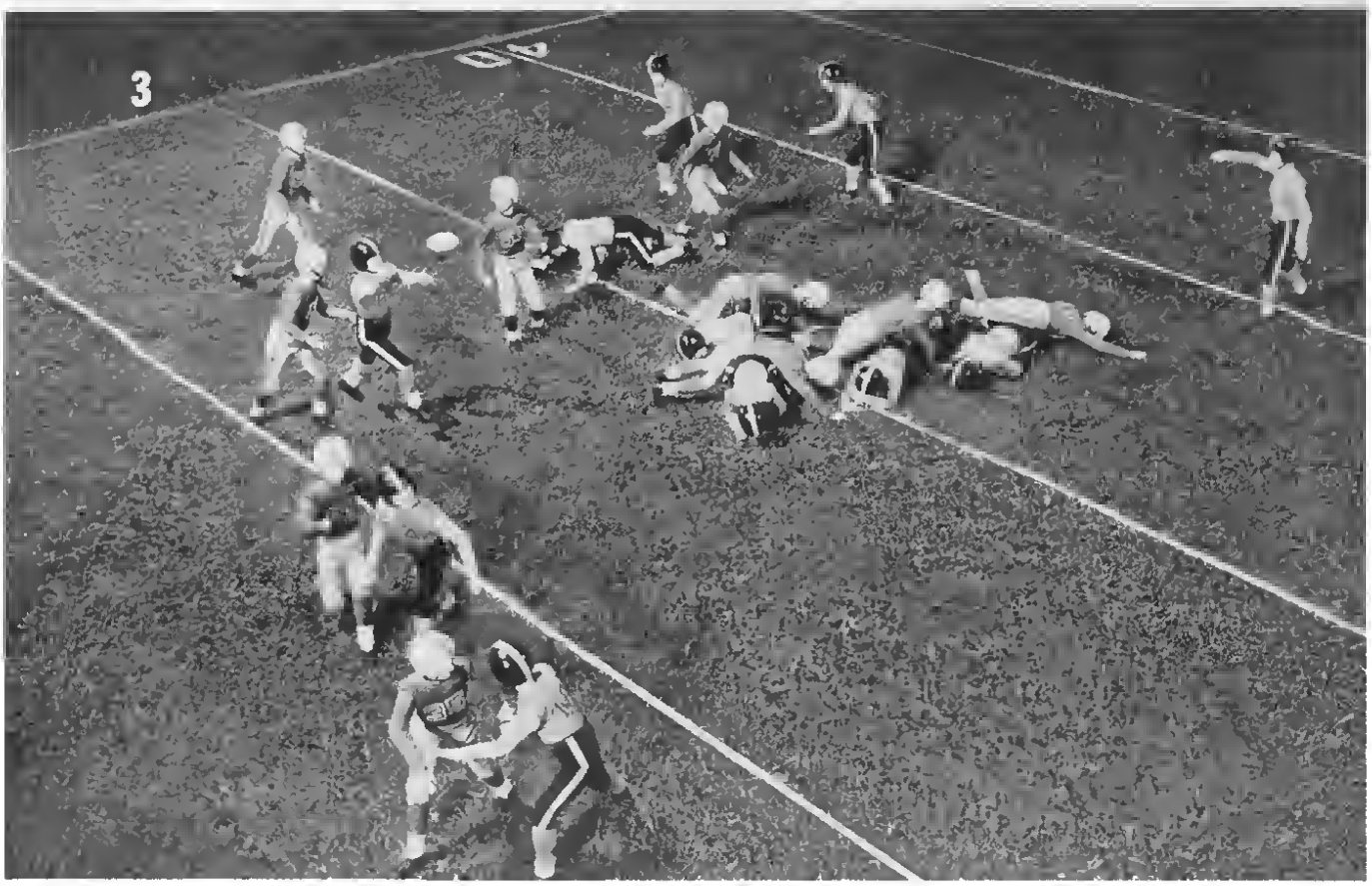


5 PAUL HORNUNG
Quarterback



2 Hornung (5) has completed his fake, tucked ball on his left hip and hegun a leisurely canter away from the developing action. Fullhack Jim Just (44) and Halfhack Auhrey Lewis (23) are still faking right, and End Gary Myers (82) hegins his move parallel to Hornung. The flanked half, Jim Morse (17), is going straight downfield to take the deep defense with him and End Dick Royer (84) is pulling defenders from the potential pass area.

3 Now the play has developed and Hornung decides to throw, protected hy the blocking of the right guard (68), who pulled out of the line. He finds right end Myers (82) cutting rapidly into the area vacated hy the defensive players who are covering Morse (deep) and Royer (shallow). He might have run in this situation, and sometimes he does, but the pass thrown here is the usual riposte to this reaction of defense which has heen decoyed neatly.



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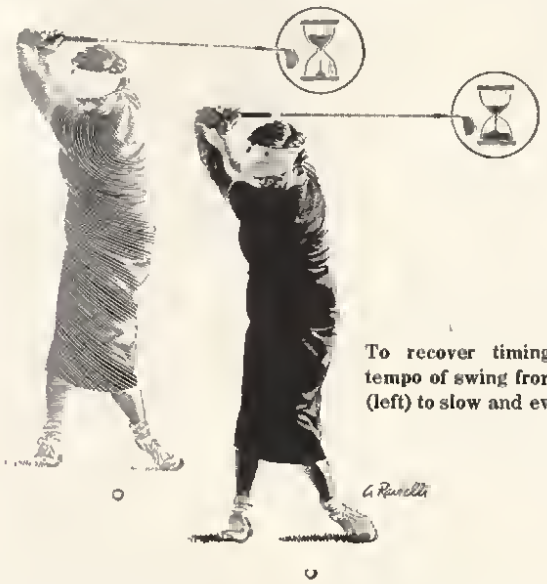
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To recover timing, change tempo of swing from too fast (left) to slow and even (right)

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: BILL ZONKER ON TAPPING THE PUTT



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SCOREBOARD

. . . THESE FACES IN THE CROWD . . .



Lorraine Crapp, 18-year-old Australian, churned up quite a froth in North Sydney pool, blithely explained five world records (*see below*): "I just went for a swim but the water was so cold that I decided to go fast to get the race over."



Jack Tighe, never a major league player but longtime minor leaguer, was named to succeed Bucky Harris as manager of Detroit, promised to be "fiery, aggressive" leader new owners sought to lead Tigers out of second division (*see page 28*).

RECORD BREAKERS

U.S. Olympians, sharpening up for Melbourne, rarely looked better as they broke one world and two U.S. records, equaled or bettered several others previously lowered in warm-up meet at Ontario, Calif. (Oct. 20). Charley Jenkins, Arnie Sowell, Tom Courtney and Lou Jones, displaying tremendous speed and flawless baton handling, sped through mile relay in 3:08.6 for new world standard; Max Truex raced 5,000 meters in 14:22.8 and Ira Davis hopped, stepped and jumped 51 feet 11 inches to break American records.

Australian swimmers staged wholesale assault on world marks at North Sydney, cracking six in pre-Olympic carnival. Freestyler Lorraine Crapp bagged biggest load, *breaking four in one race* (2:18.5 *for* 200 meters, 2:20.1 for 220 yards; 4:47.2 for 400 meters; 4:48.6 for 440 yards), came back to add fifth when she thrashed 100 meters in 1:03.2 to help teammates Margaret Gibson, Barbara Jackson and Dawn Fraser set record of 4:22.3 for 440-yard relay (Oct. 20).

Earlene Brown, husky Los Angeles housewife, hunched her broad shoulders, soared shot 46 feet 10½ inches to break own U.S. record at Los Angeles (Oct. 21).

Art Luppino, Arizona tailback, picked up 53 yards (Oct. 20) for new college rushing record of 3,235 (*see page 37*).

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma had still another explosive Saturday, blasting Kansas 34-12 for its 34th straight, best ever in modern college football history, but powerful Michigan State kept pace with Sooners, overwhelming Notre Dame 47-14, and Georgia Tech stayed up there by beating Auburn 28-7. Penn State provided week's biggest upset, knocking Ohio State out of unbeaten ranks 7-6, while TCU also fell from charmed circle, bowing to Texas Aggies by same score (for other results, *see page 37*).

New York defeated Pittsburgh 38-10 and Chicago Bears overwhelmed Baltimore 58-27 to remain hard on heels of unbeaten Chicago Cards and Detroit in NFL conferences. Cards had to rally to beat Philadelphia 20-6, and Lions barely edged San Francisco 20-17. Cleveland lost to Washington 20-9; Green Bay won over Los Angeles 42-17.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees continued to pile up post-season honors: triple-crown winner Mickey Mantle switch-slugged at .705 clip (376 total bases in 533 AB) to take American League slugging title (National League champion: Brooklyn's Duke Snider with .598); Left-hander Whitey Ford, owner of best lifetime record among active pitchers (80-28), topped circuit with 2.47 ERA (National League champion: Milwaukee's Lew Burdette with 2.71). Yogi Berra, Yankee World Series star, also received kudos of another sort from St. Louis friends (Professional and Businessmen's Club of The Hill), who called him "one of three best-known Italians in the world." The others: Columbus and Marconi.

Brooklyn Dodgers, overwhelmed by rousing Tokyo welcome, mistook Japanese pitchers Sho Horuichi and Takumi Otomo for Yankees' Don Larsen and Tom Sturdivant, struck out 16 times in 5–4 loss to Yomiuri Giants. Red-faced Dodgers recovered major league aplomb and home run touch, bounced back to smother Central League All-Stars 7–1 but quickly fell back into losing ways when Japan All-Stars knocked out Don Newcombe in first inning and went on to win 6–1.

OLYMPIC TRIALS

Service boxers won six of 10 titles in Olympic trials at San Francisco. The champions (pictured below from left to right): Ray Perez of Hawaii, flyweight; Choken Maekava of Hawaii and Michigan State, bantamweight; Air Force's Harry Smith of New York, featherweight; Marines' Luis Molina of San Jose, Calif., lightweight; Joe Shaw of St. Louis, light welterweight; Army's Pearce Lane of Big Rapids, Mich., welterweight; Army's Jose Torres of Puerto Rico, light middleweight; Roger Rouse of Idaho State College, middleweight (not in picture); Army's Jim Boyd of Rocky Mount, N.C., light heavyweight; Army's Pete Rademacher of Grandview, Mich., heavyweight.

HORSE RACING

C. V. Whitney's Magic Frost, bumped and then barely nosed by Romanita in stirring stretch duel, was declared winner of

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



LINED UP and waiting patiently for the chance to display their talent at Melbourne are nine of the 10 amateur boxers who survived the bristling three-day Olympic trials at San Francisco.



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SCOREBOARD



Mary Mills, pretty 16-year-old Mississippi champion, toured first 18 holes in 73, continued to apply pressure to beat Mrs. Sam Byrd, wife of onetime Yankee outfielder 7 and 6 for Gulf Coast amateur title at Ocean Springs, Miss.

$136,275 Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park when stewards disqualified Romanita, who also hampered Light n' Lovely for double foul.

Keeneland's closing week's winners included 13-to-5 shot Doubledogdare, who responded with burst of speed in run for wire to take $70,400 Spinster Stakes, but biggest loser was Money-rider Eddie Arcaro, left sitting idly by counting pennies he will lose from October 23 until November 1. Arcaro, up on also-ran Nimble Doll in Spinster, was set down for 10 days for "careless riding," will be unable to ride favored Bold Ruler in $300,000 Garden State Stakes next Saturday.

Willie Shoemaker, who usually lets his riding speak for him, booted home Beautillion at Garden State, became first jockey in U.S. Thoroughbred racing history to earn $2,000,000 in purse money in one year, next day boosted record total to $2,006,165.

BOXING

Joey Giambra, cautious Buffalo middleweight, picked off ever-bustling but slowed-up Gil Turner (stuffed with ice cream to fatten up to unnatural 150 3/4 pounds) with accurate counter punches, impressed all but Referee Harry Kessler (who gave fight to Turner) to win 10-rounder in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Issy Kline, vari-talented IBC hand who had misfortune to get himself pinched for gambling last month as he whiled away time playing panguingue, got the "Dear Issy" treatment from Chicago IBC Store-



HEADING for three-point landings, Midget Wrestlers Tiny Roe (*left*) and Little Beaver live it up at St. Nick's in N.Y.



John D. Hertz, 77, Austrian immigrant who became one of the nation's leading businessmen and horse owners (Reigh Count, triple-crown winner Count Fleet), was honored by TCA at Keeneland for "contributions made to racing."

keeper Truman Gibson Jr. after his "resignation" as Chicago Stadium matchmaker: "We accept your decision with very real regret . . . with best wishes from Art [Wirtz], Jim [Norris], Benny [Bentley] . . . Yours, Truman." Penitent Issy, who has been replaced by Bentley, plans to stay in boxing, will "resume my activities as manager and trainer".

HOCKEY

New York Rangers won two out of three, moved up to challenge front-running Detroit Red Wings, who played pair of ties, in NHL. Montreal Canadiens showed signs of life in 5-0 victory over Rangers, but Boston, Toronto and Chicago were unable to win.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED—**Corny Shields,** 61, silver-haired stockbroker-yachtsman, founder and chairman since 1936 of sailing's International Class; presented with Award of Unusual Merit and 16-inch silver Revere bowl, signed by 82 appreciative present and former International Class skippers, for "continuing leadership and inspiration," and David Crampton award for "outstanding sportsmanship," at Rye, N.Y.

DIED—**Jules Rimet,** 83, French soccer enthusiast, longtime (1921–1954) president of International Federation of Football Associations, later its honorary president; after operation, at Paris.

continued on next page



FACING danger, Rinzi Nocero (*left*) absorbs right hand from Vince Martinez before losing by TKO in seventh at Providence.



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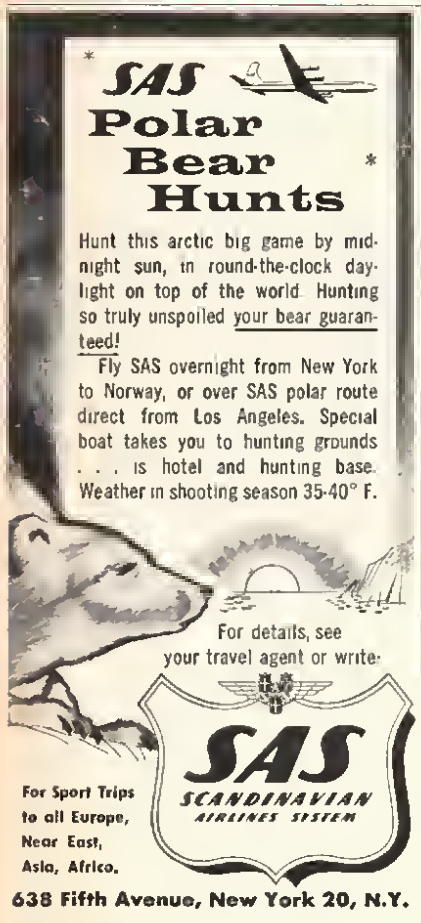
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SCOREBOARD



Mike Fetchick, hefty-swinging Yonkers, N.Y. pro, put together flock of birdies for 66 ("toughest round I ever played"), outstroking Jay Hebert, Doug Ford and Don January in four-way playoff for Western Open at San Francisco.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING
JUD LARSON, Oklahoma City, USAC 100-m. big car race, in 1.09.07, Sacremente.

BASEBALL
NISHITETSU LIONS, over Yomuri Giants, 4 games to 2, Japanese World Series, Tokyo.

BASKETBALL
U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM, over Phillips Oilers, 73-60, Indianapolis
N.Y. KNICKERBOCKERS, over College All-Stars, 99-85, New York

BOATING
EUGENE SIMMONS, Bermuda, W. Hemisphere Snipe championships, with 5,861 pts., Hamilton, Bermuda

BOXING
GARNETT (Sugar) HART, 3-round TKO over Earl Dennis, welterweights, New York
GASPAR ORTEGA, 10-round split decision over Isaac Logart, welterweights, Boston
ORLANDO ZULUETA, 10 round split decision over Don Jordan, lightweights, Los Angeles
FLASH ELORDE, 2-round KO over Luke Sandoval, featherweights, San Jose, Calif.

FISHING
MECHANICSVILLE (N.J.) FC, Nags Head Surf Fishing Tournament, with 177 pts., Nags Head, N.C.

GOLF
JULIUS BOROS, Mid Pines, N.C., Carolinas PGA, with 209 for 54 holes, Spartanburg, S.C.

HORSE RACING
ROUND TABLE, $66,645 Breeders Futurity, 7 f., by ½ length, in 1:26 4/5, Keeneland, Steve Brooks up
SWIRLING ABBEY, $55,000 Golden Gate Futurity, 1 m., by 1½ lengths, in 1:36 4/5, Golden Gate Fields, Johnny Longden up
MELSON, $29,500 Mayflower Stakes, 1 m. 70 yds., by 3½ lengths, in 1:43, Suffolk Downs, Alfonso Coy up
PRELONE, Cesarewitch Handicap Stakes, 2¼ m., by ¾ length, in 3:54 3/5, Newmarket, Ed Hide up.

HORSE SHOW
JULIO HERRERA, Mexico City, Natl. Horse Show Assn. Trophy, aboard Mexicano, Pennsylvania Natl. Horse Show, Harrisburg



GLIDING over hedge, Ancestor (*right*) moves away from Carafar on way to 18-length Temple Gwathmey win at Belmont.

● **HORSES** **by ALICE HIGGINS**

The classical and intricate art of dressage has always needed a popular interpreter. Now it has found two:

GODFREY AND GOLDIE

THE FAMILIAR FIGURE seen on horseback on these pages, frequently described as the most golden salesman of our day, is here engaged in an unfamiliar pursuit—one which, of all the many things he does, is probably closest to his heart. To Arthur Godfrey the business of learning with his horse Goldie the intricate and beautiful art of dressage is one of the major fascinations in his life, and if in the process he sells dressage to others—well, so much the better. Dressage badly needs a salesman. Until recently it was almost unheard of in this country by the general public and all but unpracticed by the horseman. But now this time-tested style of schooling is attracting some overdue attention. There are several reasons—besides Godfrey's—for this.

The disbanding of the U.S. Cavalry in 1942 was the most important one. It opened the way for civilians—and, since 1952, women, who form such a large part of the riding populace—to compete in the Olympic Equestrian Games, which include dressage tests. Interest in dressage developed slowly but steadily; last week in Allendale, N.J. the first dressage competitions ever to be held in a U.S. horse show drew a surprising number of entries to face judgment by imported experts, and rumors flew anew about a projected U.S. school of dressage.

But if the vision of being one of three riders on the dressage team of the quadrennial Olympic event is broadening the base of interest, the constant efforts on behalf of the sport by Godfrey are likely to result in horsemanship recruits by the box stall load. By enthusiastically discussing dressage on his TV and radio programs, he has made the term almost a household word and he has made it a recognizable accomplishment by demonstrating it in special exhibitions at horse shows of high caliber, among them the Harrisburg, Pa. event now in progress, New York's National, which follows (Oct. 30-Nov. 6), and Toronto's Winter Fair (Nov. 9-17).

Godfrey makes no pretense of being an expert. "As far as the high school of dressage is concerned," he says, "I'm still in grade school. But Goldie and me, we're learning." Nor is he ignorant of the fact that his simple presence on a horse creates considerable interest—his horse show act with Goldie (full name, Gatactin Gold) is shrewdly balanced between elements of international Grand Prix dressage and the more obviously spectacular high school tricks of the circus. So, in intervals between Goldie's saying his prayers, making like a camel and spinning on a pedestal, the uninitiated spectator is painlessly acquainted with the passage, the piaffe, pirouettes—and even such fundamentals of horsemanship as changing diagonals at the trot and leads at the canter. Since he wears a portable microphone during his exhibitions, Horseman-Showman-Salesman Godfrey can and does explain his moves as he rides.

To be sure, there are those inclined to curl the lip slightly and state that this is not Olympic dressage, but no one is more aware than Godfrey of just what he is doing and why; what he wants to learn and how soon he can learn it.

"We're both just learning," he is apt to say over the loudspeaker as he goes through a maneuver in the ring, "but if Goldie makes any mistakes, it's my fault."

Other horsemen, as well informed as the lip curlers, are genuinely appreciative of his role as ambassador-at-large on behalf of dressage in particular and the horse and horse showmanship in general.

Besides his keen interest in the art of riding, Godfrey quietly picks up the tab on a monthly magazine devoted to horses and, with his wife, shares a lively interest in hunters and Arabians. But dressage is his paramount interest, and all riding horses at his Beacon Hill farm are given training in dressage to develop flexibility, balance, lightness and responsiveness. Thereby he recognizes the true aims of dressage, a term which has been swallowed whole into the English language and is succinctly defined by Webster's as being "the guidance of a mount through a set of maneuvers without perceptible use of the hands, reins, legs, etc." It comes from the French verb *dresser*, to train (a horse, dog or whatever animal); but as any riding or driving horse must receive training of some degree, dressage actually implies training *beyond* ordinary training—training to the point of extraordinary refinement. The Spanish Riding School in Vienna since 1735 has consistently trained horses in this fashion, with spectacular success, and has even been able to teach a horse to capriole at command—a movement generally made only by fighting stallions.

Formal dressage tests (which do not include the capriole) are held under the rules of the Fédération Equestre Internationale (FEI) and are conventionalized to a high degree. They demand great skill and sensitivity on the part of both horse and rider. The order in which the maneuvers must be done, as well as the precise number of steps

continued on next page



TWO-TRACKING GOLDIE traverses indoor arena at Godfrey's Leesburg farm.

continued from page 55

and their exact location in a defined area, is as carefully ordained as school figures in a figure skating championship. During the course of the exacting exhibition, horse and rider must look and be calm, comfortable and in control while still displaying animation and verve. It is small wonder that the subleties of such an equine science can escape or baffle a newcomer; and it is also completely comprehensible that so few people have the combined virtues of patience and fortitude necessary for such a study.

The fact that 30 riders, one from as far away as Chicago, appeared in Allendale for dressage's debut in show competition was therefore all the more remarkable and encouraging. The tests were not of the most complicated order but, nonetheless, it was the opinion of the judges that the competition showed one very good rider, one good one and many who were promising. The need for proper instruction was noted in some cases and, in general, a lack of smoothness in execution.

The FEI dressage tests were not the only innovation at Allendale. An open jumping tournament, held under FEI rules (which generally are only dusted off and used in the U.S. when foreign teams come to call at Harrisburg, New York and Toronto) not only offered an assortment of classes to the 54 jumpers who were assembled for the three-day event, but $7,500 to the winners, the largest prize ever offered in a horse show up to that time. (Harrisburg, Pa. is offering $10,000.) When the final test of the three days began, an open jumper event, it was still very much of an open contest, as pointwise several horses were quite close. Of the 28 that jumped the 18-obstacle course, only one, Saxon Wood, Mrs. Robert Schmidt's and Gordon Wright's veteran of international competition, made a faultless round to win the stake and the big share of the tournament award. The reserve championship is still in doubt, as Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Mann have lodged a protest over the outcome of an earlier class and, if upheld, their Riviera Wonder will be named second. If not, the decision made by a flip of a coin when Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Magid's Little David and George DiPaula's Lariat tied for the honor will stand; and Little David, reserve champion, will have earned $15,000 for his owners. END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN



BALANCED BAREBACK, Arthur Godfrey circles at the canter on Arabian stallion Sarab-al-Sahra. He starts without a saddle to check his seat before working other horses.





GOLDIE GETS DOWN for Godfrey to get up, easing difficulties resulting from his old hip injury. Once in saddle, he is comfortable



FLYING CHANGE of leads while cantering figure eight is smoothly completed by Goldie before changing his direction.



HIGH SCHOOL STEP, the march, is practiced along mirrors on the ring's walls so that mistakes in form can be quickly detected.

NEW PUPIL, a palomino named Trumpeter, is schooled by Godfrey and Professor Konyot as an occasional stand-in for Goldie.



● HORSE RACING by WHITNEY TOWER

The week brought fine racing at Keeneland and talk of the Garden State, but its chief objective was the

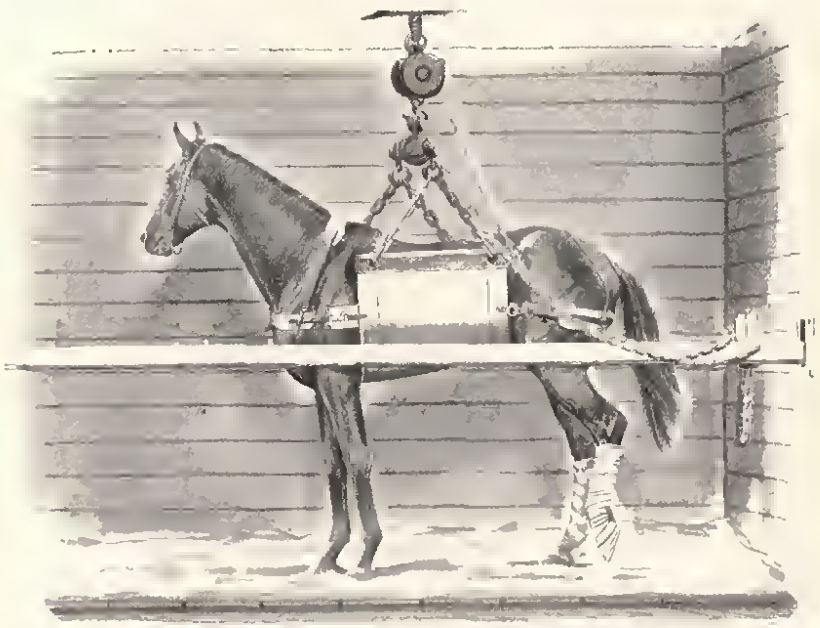
SAVING OF SWAPS

THE ILLUSTRATIONS on this page represent far more than a medical and scientific explanation of what happens when a race horse suffers a dangerous leg injury. The subject in this case is Swaps, certainly one of the finest Thoroughbreds of this generation and, at this moment, the subject of grave concern to all horsemen—and, indeed, to all sportsmen—who respect the many championship qualities represented by Swaps during his three years on the American turf.

Two weeks ago word came out of Garden State Race Track that Swaps had suffered two linear fractures of the cannon bone in his left hind leg. Five days later, his leg encased in a cast, Swaps lashed out against the side of his stall in Barn Q, and in so doing he extended the break the length of the bone. In many a similar occurrence to a horse of lesser renown and lesser value (Swaps is insured by Lloyds of London for $1 million), there would have been no practical recourse but to destroy the animal. But Swaps's trainer, Meshach Tenney, and the attending veterinarians went calmly about rigging the special sling and harness which they had every reason to believe would not only alleviate most of the pain in the leg but would also provide Swaps with practically his only chance for complete recovery.

With Tenney marking time attentively in the same stall with him, Swaps has so far been a model patient despite the fact that he is unable to move more than six inches fore or aft. Tenney talks occasionally to his patient to quiet him down, but in general, describes Swaps "as cheerful as could be expected—a horse who reacts to his injury gracefully and with understanding and intelligence."

Trainer Tenney is still hopeful that if Swaps can get through the "sling" period (another five weeks) he may eventually race again. Even those



HORSE-SIZED X-RAY of break in cannon bone of Swaps's left hind leg reveals seriousness of the injury which led to Swaps being partially suspended in this unusual sling, borrowed from Nashua's old trainer, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, which offers best chance of healing for the great 4-year-old. If all goes well, after five weeks more in the sling, Swaps will be shipped carefully home to his California ranch for further recuperation.



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horsemen who do not share his trainer's admirable optimism will be hoping for the next five weeks that Swaps survives his ordeal so that he can begin what should be a great stud career.

•

Meanwhile, in Lexington, Ky. last week, the man who lent Mish Tenney the sling that might save Swaps's life came to town on another mission. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons (who hadn't used his special sling "for almost 10 years") took his last journey with Nashua and stood proudly by as his champion galloped in public for the last time. The ceremony put on at Keeneland Race Course was carried out with the dignity, good taste and good horses that are typical of Keeneland. Last Friday, for example, on the occasion of the first running of the $50,000-added Spinster for fillies and mares of 3, 4 and 5 years of age, the field included such established runners as Doubledogdare (Claiborne Farm's impressive winner), Delta, Levee, Oil Painting, Queen Hopeful and Searching. The following afternoon Claiborne came right back with Round Table to win the Breeders Futurity for 2-year-olds in a close decision from John A. Morris' Missile, who had earlier this summer been a stakes winner at Saratoga.

•

This week the national racing interest centers again on Garden State. There, a few hundred feet from where Swaps will still be standing patiently, the best of the 2-year-olds still in training take dead aim on the winner's share of the world's richest horse race, the Garden State. I didn't see Federal Hill win last Saturday's trial at the same distance of a mile and a sixteenth over Calumet's Barbizon, but I do know this son of Cosmic Bomb is going to have to be very good to knock off the Futurity winner, Bold Ruler, in the big one. Some of the others expected to challenge are Amarullah, Nashville, Take Note, Mister Jive, Iron Liege and Barbizon himself. I'd like to see a comparatively small field in the Garden State to ensure the truest possible race. When the field becomes too bulky and unwieldy in a race in which the fight for position going into the first turn is so important, the final result is all too often decided by racing luck rather than by ability. If the field is big, however, and if Bold Ruler draws an outside post, I'll venture to predict that Sunny Jim will try to have him barreling out of the gate like a jet and to take the front end the whole way. (ENO)



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED FISHER AND JERRY GREENBERG

INSIDE FLORIDA

In the dark, water-filled caverns under their state, divers are now uncovering a vast and bewildering welter of animal fossils and artifacts of early man

by COLES PHINIZY

IT WAS curiosity as much as anything that first prompted some early, hairy man to stand, look around, think and start shaping for himself a congenial environment. It is curiosity still that impels some men to forsake the cozy life and make their way dangerously again on mountain scarps, in the ragged galleries of caves and in the depths of the sea. From these special breeds—the mountain climber, the caver and the diver—there is evolving just now an equally curious hybrid: the cave diver, who now gropes through water-filled caves with a breathing unit and flippers on his feet. A man who dives in a cave solely for the thrill of living dangerously is an utter fool. But a sensible, curious diver is justifiably intrigued by the grandeur of this lost world and the welter of fossils caught in the dancing beam of his flashlight.

In this country the zeal for cave diving runs strongest in Florida for the same reason that dry cavers have been most active in the great cave areas of Kentucky. Florida is quite literally a water-soaked Kentucky, its Karstian limestone already riddled with water-filled caves, with more being made all the time. The 500 million gallons of water now flowing daily from a single Florida source, the well-touted and beautiful Silver Springs, is almost twice the volume of any other springhead in the world. Early in this century geologists computed that the flow from Silver Springs alone was dissolving about 600 tons of Florida's insides every day.

A layman can get some idea what is going on under Florida through the cracks in the floor. With the collapse of limestone bedding, new sinkholes frequently appear and expand into ponds, and old ponds sometimes vanish as if the plug were pulled. A north Florida farmer, fertilizing pasture astride a Farmall, may hear a sudden "whump" behind him, and there, cut sheer in the flat pasture, will be a crater, sometimes a crater big enough to swallow farmer, Farmall and all. In 1892 a 16-square-mile lake, Alachua, disappeared, stranding thousands of fish and several steamboats.

Four years ago, in the cave of Silver Springs, where exploration is strictly limited to men of guaranteed competence, two divers found tusks, teeth and other fragments of extinct mammoths. The cave entrance is wide, but barely high enough for one of these old elephants. Did the bones come rattling through one of the narrow fissures that pours water into the main cave? Was the cave ever dry and were mammoths ever butchered there by early man? In a state where man can only be dated with certainty back about 4,000 years, archaeologists would be happy to confirm such things, but for lack of evidence it remains a conjecture. For 100 years Floridians have been finding the fossils of extinct mammoths, mastodons, tapirs, deer, camels and saber-toothed tigers here, there, almost everywhere under open water, which because of its generally high calcium carbonate content is an excellent preservative. To prove the coexistence of man and any of these extinct beasts demands finding some record of man and animal fossil in close physical "association," such as a hunter's spear in the skull of a tiger or a hunter's arm, say, in the tiger's mouth. Even such close associations are not wholly reliable in Florida, for its waters are both a great preserver and a great confuser. A single pothole may yield a wish-wash of relics of various dates drifted in from far separate places. In one sinkhole that bore some promise of fossils, cave divers found three airplane engines. One amateur paleontologist, carefully brushing the silt from a mastodon jaw, found next to it a spear point and under both of them a Lincoln penny.

The most extensive, exhausting and deep assault on any water-filled cave has been going on now for almost a year in Wakulla Springs, 15 miles south of Tallahassee, Fla. Beyond the light of day in Wakulla, a team composed of Andy Harrold, an editor of the Florida State News Bureau, and four undergraduates, Gary Salsman, Wallace Jenkins, Henry Doll and Gordon Whitney, have found a seemingly inexhaustible supply of bone spear points on a bone-littered floor. Such bone points are figured to have been the most common weapon of Florida man more than 4,000 years ago, but an abundance in itself proves nothing. The divers work only in the hope that from such a rich harvest of the past they can glean something meaningful.

A protruding underwater ledge casts a curtain of shadow over the entrance to this Wakulla's Cave. It has been called the largest spring mouth in the world, and any diver penetrating the shadow under the ledge believes this must be so. It is 103 feet from the surface to the bottom; it is 200 feet wide. As he slips down under the white bellies of indolent bass and past a pitted ledge of catfish and furtive eels, the diver enters a twilight world. He may notice here some similarity between this cave and a dry cave. On the right side for 200 feet he passes over great masses of angular breakdown of the sort usually found in the old, upper galleries of a dry cave. During glacial advances sea level dropped below the floor of the cave. Was any part of it

continued on page 65

IN A WATER-FILLED CAVE 50 feet under the surface two divers grope through a cloud of silt stirred up by their flippers.







WITH FLASHLIGHTS IN HAND, TWO DIVERS START THROUGH CAVE ENTRANCE 45 FEET DOWN IN FLORIDA'S SILVER SPRINGS



FOSSIL TUSK of the long-extinct imperial elephant is carried from underwater cave by Diver Ricou Browning. Such relics, now being discovered in several Florida caves, are usually well preserved by the high calcium carbonate content of the subterranean water.

INSIDE FLORIDA

continued from page 60

ever dry or habitable? One geologist says it is possible but most improbable. Another says it is possible but almost impossible to prove. Two hundred feet in, the breakdown on the floor rises within 10 feet of the ceiling and extends across the whole floor, damming the slide of sand that stretches down on the left side from the opening. Here, at the mounded rocks, 180 feet deep, the divers simultaneously cross two thresholds. The twilight here becomes utter darkness and each man's senses are caught in the first irrational grips of depth rapture. The first disarticulated jumble of mammoth bones lies beyond the rocks. To one diver at first sight one leg bone looks seven feet long, and that would make the whole mammoth about 18 feet tall, but in his mild rapture the diver has merely forgotten that everything looks a bit bigger under water.

On their most recent push into Wakulla, Divers Harrold and Jenkins picked their way by flashlight from one familiar bone marker to the next, from antlers to a vertebra, to loose mastodon teeth and a tusk, and then to a mastodon jaw and on to another jaw and finally, 500 feet inside the cave, to a depression in the floor. Harrold plays his light over charred wood and begins sifting the soft gray silt in the depression. Is this an old firesite? Is the deep depression farther along an old water hole? Are the small bones piled thick for 18 feet at the corner a refuse site? Perhaps, but probably not. Jenkins taps three times on his air tank. They have been five minutes at 240 feet. They will need the rest of their air to decompress. Next weekend they will spend two more days for 10 minutes of work.

Turning one of the smooth bone spear points over in his hands a short while ago, Andy Harrold said thoughtfully: "All of these could have fallen in some hole farther along and been washed down, and so could the bones and wood. But why do we find only these points and no flint, no pottery? There are curved tusks down there. Did you ever try to roll a curved tusk even in water? With all the trees dying and limbs falling into sinks, why do we only find burned wood? We keep thinking we might find the answer by going deeper. We know the cave gets bigger, but we're already 250 feet deep and working drunk all the time. We don't want to add ourselves to the bone pile." END



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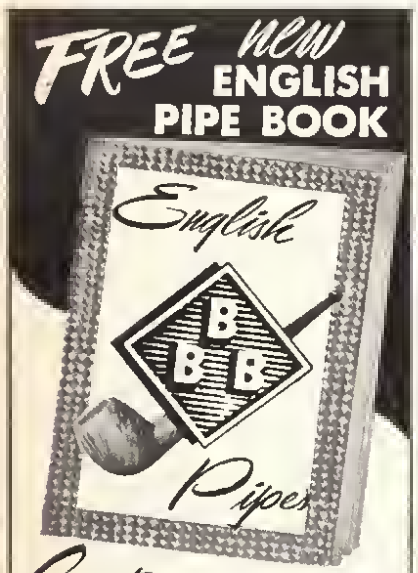
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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

In Idaho high school students play hooky while the principal smiles, a Washington duck hunter gets the bird and loses his pants, in Michigan a grandmother organizes an all-girl bear hunt, while in New Mexico biologists race to save drought-stricken waterfowl

SCHOOL OAYS

ONE DAY last week the Pocatello, Idaho high school was shy three academic functionaries and 155 students, and Elvis Presley had nothing to do with it. It so happens that Pocatello borders unsurpassed big-game range, and on the day in question southeastern Idaho's deer and elk season was opening. Principal Robert K. Marchel watched his truants with sympathetic and proprietary interest. An avid outdoorsman himself, Marchel had even conducted a preseason student-hunter safety program. He wished his absentees well and well they did.

By week's end 60% of the hunting scholars had downed deer and 25% elk. Typical were Richard and Dennis Chase, 14 and 17, both honor students. They hunted while their father tended camp. Richard bagged a four-point buck deer and a cow elk, in between kept the elder Chase busy plucking grouse. Richard scorns shooting tree-roosted grouse. A baseball fan and pitcher, he prefers rocks and plinks his birds with a high hard one.

Dennis Chase accounted for a three-point buck but failed to down an elk. "We had to hunt hard and fast," he explained, "so we wouldn't lose out on our studies." Among the distaff hunters, 15-year-old Marie Hernandez bolstered her reputation as the school Annie Oakley. Coolly hefting an eight-pound Model 70 Winchester, she toppled a three-point buck at 150 yards and dressed it herself.

The only anxious moment of the campaign was furnished by a faculty member. School Custodian Ora Allen was asleep in his tent when the oil stove went out. Allen was nearly asphyxiated before he was discovered and

THE LADIES ARE LOADED FOR BEAR



SEVENTY Michigan women assembled last week in the Manistee River timberland to hunt bear. The expedition, organized by Mabel Dingman, a 50-year-old tavern operator, included the young and old, the inexperienced and the veteran. Before the hunt they were briefed by Whiskers Brooks, a veteran guide who explained the general principles involved and answered questions—among them, "Should I shoot a bear with lice on it?" When the two-day hunt finally got under way, Whiskers

revived. Faculty face was saved, however, when Spanish Teacher Vernon Bingham and Attendance Clerk Marcelline Dunn nailed their deer. All in all, not one near accident was reported by the young sportsmen. OUTDOOR WEEK's Idaho correspondent (a big-game guide) reported: "The teen-agers' handling of firearms and their hunting ability was astounding."

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SAM, THOSE PANTS

THE SKAGIT County Game Protectors, in the state of Washington, have an odd pair of breeches they don't know what to do with. On opening day of duck season, Game Protector Maurice Splane was horrified to see a gunner down a duck and race onto the Samish River mud flats to retrieve it. Splane knew, as the gunner obviously did not, that the flats offered about as much support as quicksand.

As the hapless gunner squished to his waist in mud, Splane tore rails from a rotting fence and began laying a track to the victim. A crowd gathered, and soon Fellow Game Protector William Hoffman arrived with shovels.

The tide was rising, and, in their haste to lift him out of the muck, the hunter's rescuers also lifted him out of his pants. At that moment the hunter noticed several women among the onlookers. Without a word he scampered along the rails, bounded over the fence posts and into his car, and roared away, clad from the waist down in nothing but Samish River goo.

Splane and Hoffman rescued the pants.

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FROM THE FLYWAYS

GDW—good duck weather; BW—bluebird weather, S—snow; R—rain, F—freeze-up; T—temperature; SF—spotty flight; FF—fair flight; GF—good flight, EF—excellent flight; PG—poor gunning; FG—fair gunning; GG—good gunning, EG—excellent gunning, OP—outlook poor, OF—outlook fair, OG—outlook good, OVG—outlook very good, SO—season opens (or opened); SC—season closes (or closed)

BLACK DUCK: MASSACHUSETTS: **BW** and **SF** held down opening-day bags and **OP** until hard weather. Some action reported from Plum Island near Newburyport, Pine Island and the Salisbury Marshes. Cape Cod very slow except inland potholes; **OP** here too.

NEW BRUNSWICK: **FF** of blacks reported from Tracadie and Tabusintac areas, but **BW** holding bags down. Easterly wind should result in **EF**, but at the moment **OF**.

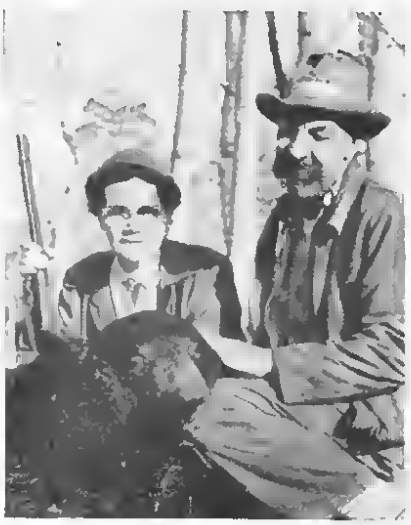
MICHIGAN: **FF/FG** due to **BW**. Fair bags, however, being taken on St. Mary's River flyway from Sugar Island down to Drummong and Munuscong and marshes in Les Cheaneaux Islands. According to latest state report hunters averaging 2.2 ducks per trip and **OG**.

CANADA GOOSE: MAINE: **FF** of honkers arriving at Merrymeeting Bay but most local gunners think it's below last year's flight; **OG**.

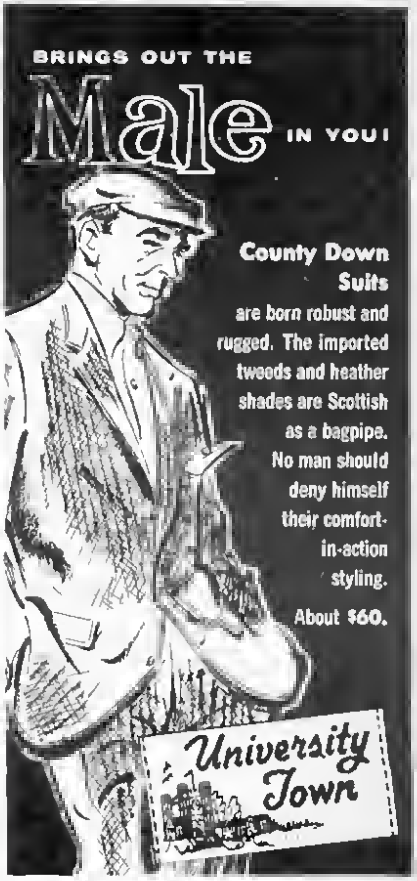
IDAHO: Migratory flocks not in yet but **GG** for local birds. Fort Hall Indian Reservation **OG** until freeze-up, but hunters are warned to buy reservation permit from Indians. Central state fields offering **GG** early or late. In southern area Crane Creek Reservoir reports **FG** for jeep or pickup-borne gunners and along with Paddock Reservoir will be a real hot spot when migratory honkers arrive with colder weather; **OVG** generally.

continued on next page





roamed among his charges making timely suggestions. Above, he offers advice on a likely spot to young Dee Matson. The first morning bear were jumped by the dogs, but none cruised by any of the girls. Late the second day luck turned. A bear happened within range, was wounded by an indeterminate number of shots and retreated to a swamp, where it was finished off by the guides. Since nobody really knew who had bit the bear, Organizer Dingman posed for the traditional tropby photograpb *(above)*.



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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

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NEW JERSEY **SO** November 3 and hunters edgy as goose population is already way ahead of last year; **OVG.**

WISCONSIN **BW** has held honker hunters to ½ below last year in famous Horicon Refuge and blinds going begging even though area offers **EF** and **EG.** Best hunter so far James W. Toon of Milwaukee who in two of his allowed three trips to Horicon has dropped four honkers with five shells. Worst hunter is one who met a stranger, boasted how well he could identify waterfowl in flight, then picked off a protected wood duck. Stranger was game warden.

WHISTLER: MAINE: **EF** rafting on Merrymeeting Bay by the thousand, and **EG.**

TEAL: MINNESOTA: Only **FF** with **BW** but Bill Schuehle of Faribault borrowed shotgun and nine shells to try luck for first time, spied five teal in pothole, fired one shot, got five teal. Returned gun and eight shells and had limit 20 minutes after season opened. Mrs. Alva A. Baker of Inger didn't get limit but still claims she had fun. She shot one hell-diver, one rice hen two decoys and fell in the watsr.

BRANT: NEW JERSEY: Duckers blood pressure up as local spy reports brant by the thousand on east coast bays from Barnsgat Bay to Cape May with a specially heavy concentration on Great Bay, **SO** November 3 and **OVG.**

CANVASBACK: MARYLAND: Population seems up and although there is only **SF** now prognosticators predict **EG** with **GDW** by next week when **SO.**

PINTAIL: LOUISIANA: State advises 93,000 pintail available as **SO** November 1, but dry weather prevails. Rains helped last weekend, but until drought is really broken, landowners in southwest areas of state pump water into dried up farm ponds, and ducks fight to pitch in. For them **OVG.**

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR



SO—season opened (or opens); **SC**—season closed (or closes); **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or roily; **M**—water muddy **N**—water at normal height, **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low, **R**—rising, **F**—falling **WT50**—water temperature 50°. **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair, **FP**—fishing poor; **OVG**—outlook very good; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor

•

TROUT: NEW MEXICO: State waters **L** and **C** but cold nights and sunny days making for frisky fish. Fish and Game Departmsnt still stocking; **OG.**

MICHIGAN: **FF** on Big Manistee up to Tippy and on Betsy, Platte and South Boardman. **OVG** as late run of big rainbows not yet underway; **OVG.**

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Slow fall and mild temperatures in Caribou and Kamloops area herald continued action. Walloper, Lejeune, Jocko, Paul, Badger and other lakes all offering **FG** with fish to 8 pounds on flies and 12 pounds trolling, for the time being **OG.**

CALIFORNIA: Deer hunters emerging from Sierra insist trout so hungry they will take bare hooks; **OG.**

STEELHEAD: CALIFORNIA: Fish to 5 pounds snatching single salmon eggs in riffles near Los Molinos on Sacramento and Trinity. Klamath results poor to sensational, but **OVG.**

MICHIGAN **FG/OG** on Sturgeon and Carp rivers with 1- to 3-pounders predominating.

NEW BRUNSWICK: Thompson River cruiser reports **FF** from Dead Man's Creek to Spence's Bridge, but **OVG** as strength of run has yet to come.

IDAHO: Steelhead hitting on main Salmon from Riggin's to French Creek with hot spot at Stoddard Pack Bridge below Shoup Mouth of middle fork of Salmon **FG** as is mouth of Marble Creek and mouth of Pistol Creek; **OVG.**

WEAKFISH: FLORIDA: **FG/OVG** inside Dog Island near Carrabelle and also on flats off lighthouse at St. Mark's. St. Vincent Island just out from Apalachicola also advises torrid activity, and there too **OVG.**

LOUISIANA Fish still striking in Lake Charles and far to the east in California Bay area where last week Tom Sharp, Lester Sweet and Paul Mailhes of New Orleans boated more than 200 in one day; **OVG.**

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Action slowing after tremendous blitzes last week at Nauset on Cape Cod and on the Vineyard. Nauset fish scaling 47 pounds and taking anything. Easiest catch of the week reported by crew attempting to float grounded steamship *Etrusco* off Scituate. After dynamiting to remove rocks, one worker grabbed two stunned stripers weighing 30 pounds, rushed them home and had them cooked. Cape and Vineyard **OG,** but results will taper off from now on.

MARYLAND Ten- to 30-pounders still prowling Brickhouse Bar and Gum Thickett Shoal but largest herd now slightly south of Bloody Point Light on the Wild Grounds. **FG** during evening when bass are breaking, but some fish being taken throughout the day by trolling the bottom. Belvedere Shoals north of Baltimore Light producing school fish to 6 pounds but results are spotty. Snake Reef across Ship's Channel and west of Belvedere Shoals host to 3-pounders as is Hackett's Point off Annapolis radio towers. Sparty's Lump north of Tolchester Beach producing some 20-pounders, but they are finicky, generally **OVG.**

CALIFORNIA **FG/OG** in surf from Rockaway in San Mateo County up to Fleischhacker Beach in San Francisco. Migrations out of ocean into delta seem off schedule but may mean longer season. San Pablo Bay choked with small fish.

BONEFISH: FLORIDA: Upper Keys guides report **FG** after recent severe storms. Last week Isaac Gladstone of Chicago landed an 8-pounder on spinning tackle, his first fish. Keys anglers will see less tailing fish from now on as boners move into slightly deeper water, but **OVG.**

NET GAIN FOR DUCKS





NEW MEXICO AIDS POISONED WATERFOWL

Last week a dozen state and federal biologists, armed with nets and carried by propeller-driven, shallow draft boats, cruised over Elephant Butte Lake's 20 square miles of drought-exposed mud flats in a remarkable, dawn-to-dusk rescue campaign. The objects of their solicitude were sick ducks, victims of virulent botulism aggravated by fermentation of weed exposed by the drought. In the past month workers like Roe E. Meyer and Charles R. Hayes (*above and left*) scooped up ducks at the rate of 300 a day, hustled them ashore for antitoxin inoculations and put them in a fresh pond to recuperate. Despite these efforts some 8,000 birds have died and a far worse mortality is feared with heavy fall migrations due to start. Rain last weekend offered some encouragement, but a good deal more is needed to eliminate the danger to south-bound ducks.

● **BOXING** **by MARTIN KANE**

Floyd Patterson scorns the fine print, Sugar Ray gets his full pound and The Game puts at stake

TWO CHAMPIONSHIPS

FLOYD PATTERSON's broken hand and Sugar Ray Robinson's unbroken insistence on his pound of cash drove the outdoor championship fight industry into a depression this autumn. There was no harvest. Still, a lean autumn has made a fat winter. Now both men will fight within two weeks of each other, Patterson against Archie Moore on Nov. 30, Robinson against Gene Fullmer on Dec. 12, Youth vs. Age in both events. It ought to be a feverish fortnight.

The reluctance of Manager Cus D'Amato to expose Patterson to the risks of a "Chicago decision" was broken in part by assurances of a fair shake from persons close to both Governor William G. Stratton of Illinois and Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago. D'Amato was influenced further, and perhaps most of all, by his fighter's insistence that this was no time for intransigence. A few days before the stubbornest manager of them all came to terms with the IBC, Patterson called him aside at his Greenwood Lake, N.Y. training camp.

"Cus," he said, "I want to fight Moore right now. I don't want people going around saying I waited until he was too old."

So D'Amato went into final negotiations with a good hard shove from his proud fighter and with reasonable intimations that, so far as judging is concerned, Patterson will do no worse in Chicago Stadium than he did against Hurricane Jackson in Madison Square Garden, where he won an unaccountably split decision. D'Amato came out of IBC beadquarters with an agreement that Patterson and Moore will share equally in the 60% allotted to the fighters, though Moore had been arguing for a 35-25 spht. It is perfectly obvious—to Archie—that he is No. 1, and so entitled to the lion's sbare. On the other hand, it may also bave been obvious to Archie that he had better not wait until next June to fight for the championship that has so long eluded him. A fighter of bis years must consider that the crest of the hill can be passed at any moment. And so a 5%

continued on next page



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TWO CHAMPIONSHIPS

continued from page 69

difference in the fighters' shares turned out to be not insurmountable.

With the Stadium scaled for a gate of $471,000 and expectations of about $200,000 in radio and TV moneys, both men should do well. So should the IBC.

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Meanwhile, back at Al Weill's office, a sharp eye discovered canary feathers in the litter on his desk. The man who once had proudly worn the bloodstains of Rocky Marciano on his vest had come up with another heavyweight fighter, a Negro puncher named Solomon McTier.

There is nothing quite so impressive or promising or heartwarming to the greedy as a heavyweight fighter who weighs 201 pounds and has just knocked out an opponent in 54 seconds of the second round. That was what McTier had done to a fellow named Dennis McCann in, of all places, Providence. It was in Providence, you know, that Marciano began his career as a prisoner of Weill's love, and, in the course of seven successive fights there, knocked out all but one opponent in the first round. To Weill, this had the look of a good omen. He is not concerned that McTier is 25 years old. Rocky was 24 when they began their friendship.

McTier, whose home is in Montgomery, Ala., won the international and national Golden Gloves title in Chicago this year, won 30 of 31 amateur fights and 26 of them by knockouts. McCann was his first professional opponent.

Naturally, a man of Weill's wile is not going to be dependent on a single fighter, and so McTier is acquiring stablemates, including three heavyweights. One is Dave Rent, British amateur with an excellent record. Rent's father pleaded eloquently that Weill take charge of his boy's future. Another heavyweight is Claude Chapman, who claims the New England title and will meet Bob Satterfield on Nov. 12. Don Quinn, a Minneapolis amateur, has been working out in New York and may join the Weill stable.

Eddie O'Hare, a Rochester light heavy, is a Weill prospect too, and Jimmy Grow, from Lewiston, Idaho, has aspirations as a lightweight.

In other words, let the Cus D'Amatos and the Charley Johnstons brace themselves. Weill is going in for light workouts, loosening himself up, getting in condition. (END)



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THE SPORTING LOOK

COUNTRY SQUIRE

THERE IS a long-standing, and completely false, American impression that English country clothing has not changed since Edward VII made tweeds socially acceptable. The truth is that some of the best clothing for the out-of-doors has been developed in England since the war with the knowledge that the British gained about protective clothing for their military and for the Everest expedition. Now a new coat, completely radical in the construction of its fabric, has come out of England (Abercrombie & Fitch, $68). It's of Gannex cloth, a warm, lightweight and absolutely waterproof double fabric of tightly woven cotton on the outside and black, red and yellow plaid wool on the inside, the two shells so firmly bound together that the coat has waffle-weave texture from the heavy weave of the wool. The knee-length coat is tailored with all of the swagger associated with British officers —large patch pockets, bi-swing pleats at the shoulders, epaulets, side vents, leather buttons and lapped seams. With it, in the fields near Chatham, Mass., Bill Bettendorf Jr. wears another English innovation: a soft tweed hat. A. J. Harman of Hilhouse of Bond St., the hatter who first trimmed down the peak cap and started a fad three years ago, designed this trimmed-down version of an English country classic. Mr. Harman views it as a successor to the cap. It will be at Tripler's, N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MEEK





WITH "ENDEAVOUR II" AN UNDAUNTED T.O.M. SOPWITH AND HIS CREW RETURN FOR NEW TRY

THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH

'Ranger,' the crowning glory of a great tradition; the mystery of her design revealed; a near disaster; a decisive victory; exaltation in a violent sea

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

ALL YACHTSMEN take for granted, if often with little humor, the windless summer days when their boats sit becalmed on an oil-smooth sea. The topic of speed is one which, under such circumstances, a yachtsman would rarely consider, and, if he did, he would associate it with a passing powerboat—watching in either envy or chagrin its wake swell up to him, knock the light air out of his sails and sway the mast back and forth in a despairing crash of tackle. Nonetheless, a sailboat is an instrument of speed—her designers striving for a creation in which her speed potential is realized—and when yachtsmen converse on the relative speed of yachts, the name of Harold (Mike) Vanderbilt's America's Cup defender *Ranger* crops up automatically. She was so fast that, rather than a competitive racing yacht, she was what Vanderbilt calls the "ultimate conception"—her performance as startling in her short life of sailing (only one summer) as any in yacht racing history.

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VANDERBILT STORY

continued from page 73

The top possible speed of a yacht depends on her length, the larger yacht being potentially the faster. The clipper ships with waterline lengths upwards of 200 feet were capable of enormous speeds: the *James Baines* is said to have been logged at 21 knots (approximately 24 mph); the clipper ship *Lightning* purportedly logged a day's run of 436 miles. There are various formulas for computing a racing yacht's maximum speed. Vanderbilt's calculation uses the constant 1.4 times the square root of the sum of the waterline length, plus the overhang length the yacht submerges when reaching at a 30° heel in a smooth sea. In *Ranger*'s case, 87 feet on the waterline and allowing 23 feet for the overhang extension, Vanderbilt's formula works out at 14.7 knots ($1.4 \times \sqrt{87+23} = 14.7$). Her speed could not be compared with that of a clipper ship, but she was fast enough in her own J boat class to outclass the rival yachts completely. Of the 34 races *Ranger* finished in the summer of 1937 she won all but two. Yachtsmen who raced against her simply conceded first place and competed among themselves for second place. "We used to think of *Ranger*," one yachtsman said recently, "as the mechanical rabbit which always leads the greyhounds over the finish line. We had to think that or go out of our minds with frustration."

Ranger was built as the answer to T.O.M. Sopwith's second challenge for the America's Cup with his *Endeavour II*. But, unlike *Enterprise* and *Rainbow*, the new defender was not a syndicate yacht, her expenses shared by a number of yachtsmen. All attempts by the New York Yacht Club to form a syndicate in 1937 had failed. Since the Nicholson-designed challenger was very fast, reportedly faster than any of the existing American boats in the J class, it would have been a foregone conclusion that the America's Cup was on its way back to England had not Vanderbilt stepped in and offered to pick up the bill for the building, equipping and racing of a new defender.

IT WAS a decision resulting from Vanderbilt's competitive instinct which determined that he would do everything possible to retain the trophy with which he had been so closely identified—a decision in keeping with the traditions of the America's Cup. That the Cup exists at all, in fact, is due primarily to the similar competitive instinct which drove two Americans a century before to a gamble on their belief that they could design and build a ship faster than anything afloat and the willingness to make all sacrifices and take any risk to prove it. The two men were George Steers, a boat designer and builder who is supposed to have started his career at the age of 10 with a scow so dangerously unseaworthy that his older brother destroyed it, and William H. Brown, also a boat builder and the owner of a shipyard at the foot of East 12th Street in New York in which Steers worked as a subcontractor.

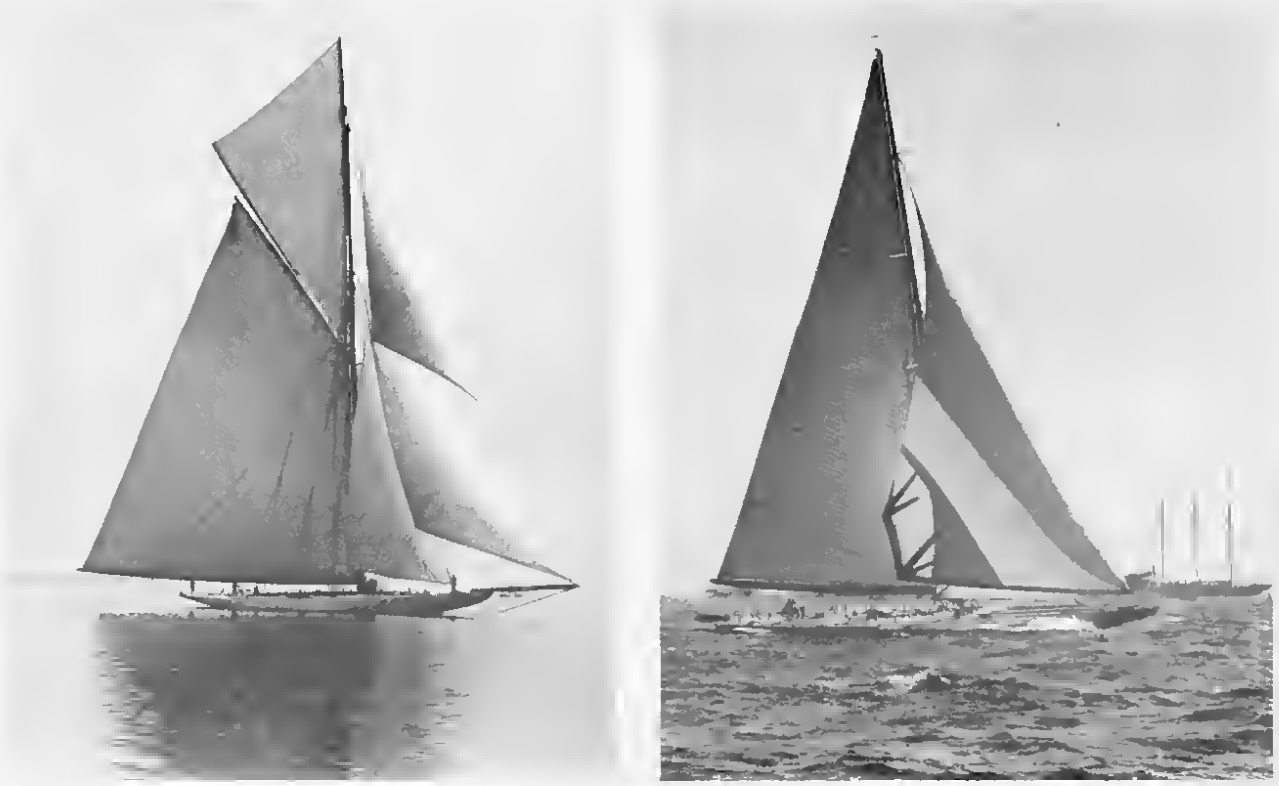
In the year 1850, the two men heard that two American yachtsmen, John C. Stevens, then commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and his close friend, George L. Schuyler, had decided to build a yacht and send her over to England, then preparing for the first great international exposition in the Crystal Palace, to race as a representative of American skill in nautical matters. William H. Brown sat down and wrote Schuyler a series of letters describing the terms under which he would undertake to build such a yacht. The conditions were remarkable. Brown wrote that he would build the yacht for $30,000, a sum to be paid only if in trial races she proved faster than any American boat brought to compete against her and subsequently outraced every vessel of her size in European waters, a magnanimous offer that staked the boat's cost against the possibility that she would be the world's fastest racing yacht. The conditions were hard to refuse. "The price is high," George Schuyler wrote Brown (today it wouldn't buy a J boat's Duralumin mast), "but in consideration of the liberal and sportsmanlike character of the whole offer, test of speed, etc., we have concluded that such a proposal must not be declined."

The yacht—a schooner, 101 feet nine-inches over-all, designed by George Steers and christened the *America*—was launched in the spring of 1851 from Brown's 12th Street yard. Her first race—the test to see if Brown was to collect—was against the huge (she had a 95-foot boom) gaff-rigged sloop *Maria*. To Brown's and Steers's horror the *Maria* proved faster in the one race completed. Fortunately both Schuyler and Stevens felt that improvements in *America*'s rig would lead to a different result. They wanted to keep the yacht, but, considering the outcome of the race against *Maria*, they felt they were entitled to knock one-third off Brown's original figure. They offered him $20,000 in cash for the *America*, a sum which was, under the circumstances, gratefully accepted.

The *America* went on to uphold Brown's promise to become this country's most famous yacht. "A hawk among pigeons," the British described her after watching her perform off Cowes. She won, and brought back to the United States the Hundred Guinea Cup, later given over to the trusteeship of the New York Yacht Club as the America's Cup. Twenty-five years after her keel was laid—and by then under the owner's flag of General Benjamin F. Butler—the *America* was still fast enough to sail as a noncontestant on the windward leg of the 1876 America's Cup series, and not only outsail the challenger *Countess of Dufferin* but almost match the speed of the defender

THE SCHOONER "AMERICA" CROSSES FINISH LINE TO WIN HER NAMESAKE CUP AT COWES





COMPARISON OF SAILS carried by the 1903 Cup defender *Reliance (left)*, ultimate conception of her day in gaff rig, and *Ranger*, where Marconi rig was brought to its refinement, shows advances in efficiency achieved over 35 years. *Reliance* carried broad, relatively low rig, with long bowsprit and boom overhanging stern, and huge topsail. By contrast, *Ranger*, here winning Cup in 1937, shows relatively high, narrow, all-inboard rig. Despite a sail area measuring half that of *Reliance*, *Ranger* was far faster.

Madeline, a performance which was commented on in newspaper editorials to prove that 25 years had not seen an improvement in yacht design. As if to justify the remarks in the press, in 1897, only four years short of a half century of sailing, *America* won her last trophy in the race for the Nash Cup against yet another America's Cup defender—the Burgess-designed schooner *Puritan*, which as a sloop in 1885 had defeated the Royal Yacht Squadron's challenger *Genesta*.

Laid up in Boston shortly after she won the Nash Cup, the *America* remained there until 1921 when she was towed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis and donated by the Eastern Yacht Club as a gift to the nation. She remained berthed behind the mole of the inner basin of Annapolis until 1948. Funds were not available during the war years for a necessary restoration of her hull, badly damaged on Palm Sunday 1942 under the weight of the greatest snowstorm in the history of Annapolis, and she had to be scrapped. But for the near century that had passed since W. H. Brown's original offer, the *America* remained afloat, outlasting all the yachts which had challenged or defended the Cup bearing her name. Even Vanderbilt's *Ranger*, the American defender in the last series for the Cup in 1937, was broken up before the *America* was towed down the Severn to her destruction—rounding off the circle of all that is identified with her to such perfection that artistically it seems almost improper that her Cup should be competed for again.

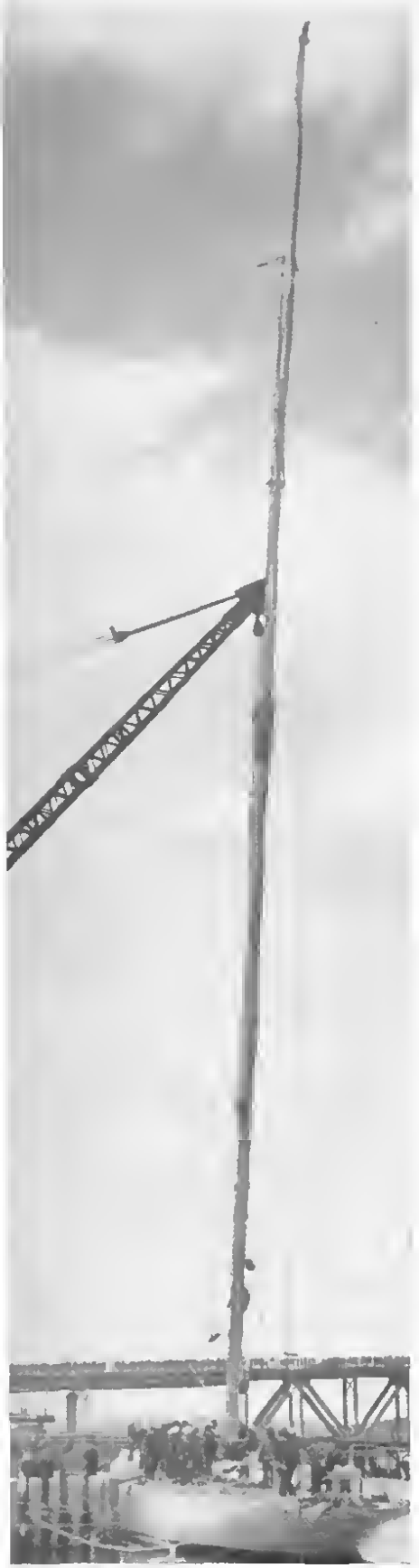
THE early history of *Ranger* was, in its way, fully as interesting as the *America's*. A competition between two of the best-known yacht designers in America for the honor of designing the defender has given yachting a mystery and its best-kept secret. Extraordinary as it may seem, only a handful of yachtsmen—those connected most intimately with *Ranger*—know even today who designed her.

Of the rival designers, one was the late Starling Burgess, who had designed Vanderbilt's two former Cup defenders, *Enterprise* and *Rainbow*, and whose father before him had designed three successful Cup defenders. The other designer was Olin Stephens, of Sparkman and Stephens. The firm, then a relatively new one, had come to Vanderbilt's attention in 1931, when the Stephens-designed *Dorade* won the transatlantic race from Newport to Plymouth, England.

Under the terms of the competition the designers built two J boat hull models apiece. These, unidentified except by number, were tested in a tank at Stevens Institute of Technology. The model selected as *Ranger's* prototype showed the least strain gauge resistance in towing tests and to the eye created the least surface disturbance. Burgess and Stephens—who divided the designing fees equally—never told anyone, not even Vanderbilt, which of them had designed any of the four. But as soon as Vanderbilt looked at the models the secret, for him, at least, was out. He could tell from the depth of the rudders.

Boat designers usually keep the base of the rudder higher than the bottom of the keel to minimize rudder damage should the boat run aground. But in 1930, during the designing of *Enterprise*, Vanderbilt, after telling Starling Burgess in most positive terms that it wasn't his job to run a J boat aground, persuaded Burgess to deepen the rudder of the *Enterprise* enough to make it flush with the bottom of the keel and thus rid the boat of the infinitesimal

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"RANGER'S" MAST is stepped at the Bath Iron Works in Maine—165 feet of riveted Duralumin, built at a cost of $15,000.

VANDERBILT STORY

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drag of the eddy caused by the lack of streamlining. Burgess concurred, and bis J boat designs from 1930 on sbow the rudder flush with the keel. The rudder was flush with the keel in two of the models tested in 1937, but not in the model that won the competition. Thus Vanderbilt knew that Olin Stepbens was primarily responsible for *Ranger's* prototype. Naturally, as soon as the selection was made, Vanderbilt persuaded Stephens, as he had Burgess seven years before, to lengthen the rudder, the only change, insignificant though it was, in Stephens' original design.

The secret has been scrupulously kept for 19 years. During the Cup series in 1937 the press often referred to *Ranger* as "Burgess-designed," naturally assuming that the designer of two former Cup defenders had gone on to design a third. Olin Stephens, notoriously modest, never corrected that assumption to capitalize on the success of the "super J boat." In fact, he still insists that the model—77-C was its number—was a composite product, crediting Starling Burgess with much of the work done on it.

Ranger's first outing, in the spring of 1937, was in its own way as noteworthy as tbe *America's* against the sloop *Maria*. *Ranger* lost, not a match against another yacht, but her Duralumin mast in a near calamity that almost sent her to the bottom of the sea within four days of her launching at the Bath Iron Works in Maine.

When *Ranger* slid down the ways into the Kennebec River, her mast was lashed to horses set on deck, the ends of the huge 165-foot spar protruding over both stern and stem. The mast was so firmly secured that Vanderbilt almost decided to follow the safer course of not disturbing it, of towing *Ranger* through the Cape Cod Canal and of stepping it at the Herreshoff yard in Bristol, close by Newport, R.I. But in consideration of the Bath Iron Works' fine job, Vanderbilt felt *Ranger* should leave tbeir yard a finished product. Seventy minutes after *Ranger's* afternoon launching, the mast had been unlashed, swung upright by a crane and lowered carefully into its step, its spreaders and standing rigging in place and adjusted before dark.

Three days later, in the late afternoon, *Ranger* was taken in tow by Vanderbilt's *Vara* bound for Newport around Cape Cod, the shelter of tbe canal route denied by bridge levels lower than the newly stepped mast.

Vanderbilt was unable to make the trip. The operation was under the cbarge of Rod Stephens, the designer's younger brother and a member of the *Ranger* afterguard. He was aboard *Vara* as the two boats headed into the Atlantic. Astern, at the end of a new 100-fathom seven-inch towline that she kept barely taut so easily was she handling the increasing swells, was *Ranger*, with her sailing master, Captain Monsell, and her professional crew of 26 men aboard.

That night, on a course for Pollock Rip, *Ranger*, despite a forestaysail set to steady her, began to roll up to 25° in the quartering sea. At midnight an ominous rattling was heard aloft in her rigging, and the watcb aboard *Vara* noted flashlight beams playing up and down her mast. They assumed the lashing on the main halyard block had carried away and a slack wire was batting up against the mast. But they had underestimated the damage. Just before 3 a.m. a flare burned on *Ranger*—the signal for *Vara* to stop—and when *Ranger* had carried up alongside, a searchlight beam showed that the vertical port rod connecting the ends of tbe second and third spreaders was gone—either carried away or unscrewed. It meant that the top 70 feet of the mast was swinging through the great sweep of its lofty arc witb no support on the port side. As Rod Stephens described it: "It looked as though almost every joint of the bar rigging had worked loose, and all was dangerously slack. The mast was alternately rolling four or five feet to port and 10 or 12 feet to starboard, fetching up with a beartbreaking tbud."

A COURSE was immediately set for the nearest port, but during the night, in an increasing sea, the mast went rigbt on with its own destruction —the turnbuckles slowly working loose until spreader guys, bar sbrouds and stays hung free in a dangling cluster, smasbing up against the mast first on one side, then on the other.

Since it was inevitable that the mast would go, preparations were made. With the exception of the quartermaster at the wheel and a mate standing to weather, the crew was sent below out of danger. Poised at tbe foot of tbe two companion ladders they waited, ready to rush on deck witb hacksaws and wire cutters the moment tbe mast fell to clear away the debris of rigging, free *Ranger* from the wreckage and allow the mast to sink clear before its jagged butt end punched a hole in the

hull and sent *Ranger* to the bottom. The forestaysail remained set in the hope that it would carry the mast safely off to leeward when the time came.

At 6:45, the dawn breaking on roughening seas, the mast snapped with a cannon-shot roar that frightened off two circling sea gulls and collapsed all but 35 feet of its length into the sea to leeward, dangerously close aboard. From below decks, like a pirate crew answering the cry "boarders away," men poured out of the companionways and attacked the rigging, cutting loose the three-ton mast, which sank into the Atlantic. Incredibly, the only damage its enormous length inflicted was a dent amidships where its heel had taken a parting thrust at *Ranger*.

Naturally, *Ranger's* timetable for that summer's racing was seriously upset by the accident. Three series of selection races had been arranged for the Cup defense candidates, and more than half of them would be over in the month necessary to build and install a new mast. Primary in Vanderbilt's mind when he heard the news and flew to Marblehead to take his first look at the stump remaining of his mast was how to get *Ranger* under sail again as quickly as possible. Other J boat owners offered all possible assistance. Two spars were made available: *Rainbow's* 1934 Duralumin mast and her 1936 steel mast. The J boat storage lockers in Bristol were placed at Vanderbilt's disposal for his choice of standing rigging. After eight days of hard effort and long hours of overtime work the temporary rig, *Rainbow's* Duralumin mast, was stepped in *Ranger* and stayed with *Enterprise's* wire shrouds. It was an amazing accomplishment, considering the odds and ends of material that had to be used and the meticulous work involved in calculating and arranging the lengths of shrouds and stays and installing their attachments to the hull and spar.

Thus *Ranger* was re-rigged; but still only in temporary fashion. A new and permanent mast still had to be built for her, and down in Tennessee, the Aluminum Company of America rolled out aluminum mast plates, heat-treating and shaping them in record time for the 2,000-mile journey to the Bath Iron Works in Maine. There the mast fittings were set in place, and the whole of *Ranger's* new mast riveted together. Not only an exacting job, it was one with peculiar difficulties; to buck the rivets, for example, a small boy lay flat on his back in a tiny cable car that inched along in the darkness inside the 165-foot spar. And yet, with the combined efforts of Starling Burgess, *Ranger's* afterguard, the Bath Iron Works and a dozen manufacturing and trucking companies which sympathetically accorded priorities, the entire job was completed in 25 days. The mast, transported from Bath to the Herreshoff Yards in Bristol on the upper deck of Vanderbilt's yacht *Vara*, was stepped two days later. Within a week of the second series of trials—the observation races—*Ranger* was again complete.

HER temporary rig, meanwhile, performed well. In the first series, the preliminary races, she won all of her four races. Her performance indicated that she was faster than either *Yankee* or *Rainbow*, her rivals for the honor of defending the America's Cup.

With her new mast and new bar shrouds installed, *Ranger's* windage was greatly reduced and she completely outclassed the opposition. She swept the observation races, and in the final series—the trial races—showed her extraordinary class by sailing over the 30-mile America's Cup course faster than any boat had ever sailed it, averaging 11.01 knots in beating *Yankee* by 14 minutes.

In contrast to 1934, the America's Cup committee had no difficulty selecting the defender. On July 6th, Vanderbilt's birthday, he received official word that his "*Ranger* had selected herself," as the chairman of the America's Cup committee put it, to defend against Sopwith and the blue-hulled *Endeavour II*.

A month remained in which to tune up *Ranger*. A racing J boat was never quite finished. Though built with extraordinary precision (the clearance between *Ranger's* rudder and her hull, for example, was a mere 1/32 of an inch), constant improvements were necessary for top performance. "A J boat," says Vanderbilt, "reminds me of a lovely woman who is constantly in need of some little attention."

In charge of the grooming operation was the afterguard, the five-man braintrust to whom Vanderbilt gives such credit for *Ranger's* success that he would repeat the selection should he ever race a J boat again.

The only member of the *Ranger* afterguard who had been with Vanderbilt aboard *Rainbow* in 1934 was the navigator and timer, Zenas Bliss, professor of engineering at Brown University. His equipment included two rather inaccurate speedometers, a compass, polaris, charts, parallel rules, stopwatches, an accordion which he played on the way out to the starting line and the knack of always having an answer ready for the steady stream of questions thrown at him by Vanderbilt: "How does the mark bear? How far away is it? How much is the current setting us? Are you sure? Are we running

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"RANGER'S" AFTERGUARD was happy crew. Here, in relaxing moment between races, Rod Stephens plays his accordion while Vanderbilt steers. Navigator Zenas Bliss (*sitting before binnacle*), Mrs. Vanderbilt and Designer Olin Stephens listen.

VANDERBILT STORY

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into shoal waters? When do we have to tack?"—as many as 10 questions asked in as many seconds and all requiring some sort of response. His was a job which required considerable adaptability, and few could have done it. On one occasion when Bliss was on duty in the National Guard, his place was taken by Kenneth Davidson, who had been in charge of the tank at Stevens Institute during the testing of the J boat models. He was, in his own right, a brilliant navigator. But he had never navigated for Vanderbilt. "I remember," says Vanderbilt, "that I threw a whole barrage of questions at him, and, suddenly realizing I wasn't getting any replies, I looked to see why. There was Davidson just smiling at me. I didn't feel I could do anything but . . . well, smile back at him."

Sharing the helmsman's duties with Vanderbilt was Olin Stephens, *Ranger's* designer, who, bespectacled, solemn-looking and the calmest member of the afterguard, never fussed in moments of crisis. He supervised the trim of the main sheet, steered when *Ranger* was sailing off the wind and, when he wasn't at the helm, acted as chairman of the committee on tactics, a position Vanderbilt filled when *he* wasn't steering. Members of the afterguard recall that the power of the committee on tactics was supreme when Vanderbilt was its chairman but somewhat less so when he was at the helm and the recipient of committee advice.

Rod Stephens, Olin's brother, was the most picturesque member of the afterguard. The afterguard nicknamed him the "Red Devil of *Ranger*" from the color of his working clothes, as noticeable from afar as a red buoy marking a harbor entrance. His belt was hung with a heavy assortment of knives, marlinespikes and various instruments for loosening and tightening things—the tools of his job, which was to comb the boat to make sure everything was shipshape. When *Ranger* was racing, Rod's principal responsibility was to see that the crew performed its various assignments both flawlessly and expeditiously. In his official capacity of "rover" (and he had four assistant "rovers" to help when needed) it was his duty to straighten out a crisis whenever it arose, his red trousers distinguishing him as he galloped around the boat between the precise lines of white-clad crewmen, hauling with Rockette-like coordination on a sheet or halyard. Rod Stephens was perfectly equipped for his maverick tasks, combining a yachtsman's keen mental sense with a muscular agility which was the envy of the professional crews, who called him "Tarzan Junior" (Vanderbilt was "Tarzan"), a man able to spin a balky winch with the same ease he could go up the bar shrouds hand over hand to sit on spreaders over 80 feet above the deck. He, too, had an accordion aboard, and on *Ranger's* journey out to the starting line he joined in duets with Zenas Bliss.

In charge of trimming headsails and spinnakers (including an 18,000-square-foot parachute spinnaker, the largest sail in the world) was Arthur Knapp, today still one of America's best small-boat skippers and the perennial winner of Larchmont's frostbite dinghy regatta. During his *Ranger* career Knapp kept his hand in with small boats when he had a chance, unshipping a dinghy he kept on *Vara* and sailing it in whatever harbor *Ranger* happened to be moored. Knapp gloried in heavy winds, and on one occasion, to his chagrin and to the vast delight of the *Ranger* afterguard, a powerful gust capsized his dinghy immediately in front of an Edgartown dock weighed down with a large contingent of sportswriters covering the New York Yacht Club cruise. In port, when he wasn't sailing his dinghy, Knapp stalked the decks of *Ranger*, cocking his ear to winches, whirling them, and, possessed of Vanderbilt's same meticulous sense of care, oiling out their squeaks from a large oil can that identified him as markedly as the red trousers did Rod Stephens.

THE fifth member of the afterguard was Vanderbilt's wife. She was the first woman to race in a Cup series on an American defender. Mrs. Sopwith was actually the first "afterguardswoman," having sailed aboard her husband's yacht *Endeavour I* in 1934 and again with him in 1937.

Both wives acted in the capacity of "observer"—their assignment being to keep an eye out on the competing yachts and advise the helmsmen of their movements. Gertrude Vanderbilt recalls that often, particularly on rough days, her main concern was fighting down the queasiness she felt, trying to keep binoculars focused on *Ranger's* rivals, often so far astern that they showed up only intermittently—black dots dancing sickeningly on the glistening sea.

In 1937, unlike the grim braintrust of 1934's *Rainbow*, the *Ranger* afterguard was a happy one, gay in its members' confidence, accordion music and song drifting from their yacht as she approached the starting line. One of the favorite "chanteys" was *Glory, Glory! Hallelujah!* with special lyrics composed by Gertrude Vanderbilt:

The skipper stands up at the wheel
And drives the boat along
When everything is lovely
All his orders are in song
He sings in quite a different key
When anything goes wrong—
As Ranger *sails along.*

The navigator's lot is hard,
You'd think that he'd get sore.
He shouts "You'd better tack at once:
We're heading for the shore!"
The skipper only smiles and says,
"Stand on a little more."
So Ranger *sails along.*

Rod, he climbs the rigging
About twenty times a day;
He says he has a job to do
Of tightening up a stay.
We know he's only looking at
The girls around the bay—
As Ranger *sails along.*

Those aboard the committee boat are said to have enjoyed the music, but it was a levity which could hardly be acknowledged by competing J boats.

Sopwith, his *Endeavour II* a disappointment compared to *Ranger*, didn't stand a chance in the 1937 Cup series. *Ranger* was so fast that despite sailing only one 100% race—the flawless performance her skipper strives for—Vanderbilt brought her across the finish line to win by 17 minutes five seconds in the first race, 18 minutes 32 seconds in the second race; by four minutes 27 seconds in the third race; and by three minutes 37 seconds in the fourth race to retain the Cup.

Ranger's speed is said by many to have "killed" the J boat class. Vanderbilt himself admits that he would rebuild her from her original designs if he were again to enter a J boat in an America's Cup race. Her speed was such that Sopwith found it "unbelievable." She walked away from his *Endeavour II* with an ease which prompted Sopwith after the second race to put his boat on the ways to see if her keel hadn't picked up a lobster pot. It hadn't. *Endeavour II* was simply outclassed. Fast as she was herself, she never won a race in American waters in which *Ranger* was entered. She performed creditably in the struggle for second place (she held 11 seconds that summer) but 15 times she suffered the indignity of seeing *Ranger's* stern at



MOMENT OF CRISIS in fifth race of 1934 series is shown in this photograph taken just after *Rainbow's* spinnaker ripped. Seconds later, crew member taking forward one end of backstay whip (here visible, with its block, just behind mainsail) was swept into sea. He was saved by quick-thinking sailor who hauled on other end of whip to lift him from water.

the finish. The only cup Sopwitb won in competition against Vanderbilt was the Arthur Knapp Jr. International Brutal Beast Challenge Trophy, presented by the small-boat champion, for which the five J boat skippers—Vanderbilt, Sopwith, Chandler Hovey of *Rainbow*, Frederick Segrist of *Endeavour I* and Gerard Lambert of *Yankee*—contended one day off the Eastern Yacht Club at Marblehead in little 12½-foot "Brutal Beast" catboats. Sopwith won both races. Vanderbilt finished last in each.

Though the Brutal Beast series is hardly indicative, some yachtsmen have often wondered what the result might have been in the *Ranger-Endeavour II* series had not Vanderbilt had at his disposal the world's fastest yacht. An indication was given the following year, in 1938, in what Commodore W. A. W. Stewart of the New York Yacht Club has called "Vanderbilt's finest hour." Van S. Merle-Smith, off on a fishing trip, offered Vanderbilt bis 12-meter *Seven Seas* for a week's racing on Long Island Sound. The *Seven Seas* was an old 12-meter, in need of tuning up, and inferior in speed to competitors, which included the two new Sparkman & Stephens 12-meters *Northern Light* and *Nyala*. Vanderbilt sailed *Seven Seas* to a series of victories which dismayed opponents out for his scalp and heralded the start of his successes with his own 12-meter *Vim*, constructed shortly thereafter. "I was awfully glad when Merle-Smith took his boat back," says Vanderbilt. "Our luck just couldn't have held out any longer."

Vanderbilt's explanation of his success in yacht racing is summed up best in his statement: "It is not brilliance which wins races as much as the *lack* of it which loses them." When he describes the most memorable races of his yachting career he often picks such races—races in which the human element is brought to account—as if to substantiate that despite the innate perfection of the beautifully machined yachts, it is still man upon whom the boat's performance depends. Regardless of his boat's speed, a yachtsman's reaction in moments of stress may mean the difference between victory or defeat. Vanderbilt himself, as his afterguard recalls, was a bundle of nerves in periods of relative inactivity, jittery as a plucked wire; but given the tangle of a start, or coming up with other boats to a mark, his performance was as calculated and controlled as if he had a year to mull over and provide a solution to the crisis at hand.

One of Vanderbilt's own favorite examples of performance in a crisis occurred in the fifth race for the America's Cup in 1934 between *Rainbow* and *Endeavour I*. Vanderbilt credits *Rainbow's* win to a quick-thinking member of his crew who, in a situation that could have caused the loss of the race, came up with the right solution.

Rainbow was halfway down the leeward leg, ahead of *Endeavour I* by about 2½ minutes, when the bottom of the spinnaker, chafing against the headstay, ripped so badly it bad to be doused. Since the wind was hauling aft, Vanderbilt decided to jibe before breaking out another spinnaker. He had no sooner completed the jibe when he heard a strange gurgling sound abeam to leeward—a noise which gave the impression of something heavy dragging in the water. He turned to see a sailor he recognized as Ben, *Vara's* mate, being dragged at the end of a wire at better than eight knots through and mostly under the water some 10 feet out from the lee side.

BEN had gone overboard when *Rainbow* jibed. He had unhooked the lee backstay whip, a wire which ran up through a block 40 feet above the deck and down again to its fixed point forward, and was bringing the free end forward when the main boom nudged bim just enough to throw him off balance. To keep from falling, he held onto the dangling wire in a quick reaction which was perfectly normal but also unreasoned, since the boom continued on its way and swept the whip, with Ben hanging on, far out over the side.

Knowing that time lost in picking Ben up would certainly cost *Rainbow* the race, everyone on *Rainbow's* deck joined in the cry, "Hang on, Ben!" Yet it was obvious that he couldn't hang on for more than a few seconds. Vanderbilt, keeping off before the wind and trimming bis mainsail amidships to reduce *Rainbow's* speed, was prepared

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VANDERBILT STORY

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to execute a man-overboard maneuver to pick the mate up. But at that moment a member of the crew—Vanderbilt doesn't know to this day who he was—jumped forward to the fixed end of the backstay whip. Calling to his shipmates to help him, he hauled Ben 10 feet clear of the sea where he hung suspended above the water until, as *Rainbow* came back on an even keel, the whip landed him gently back on the deck from which he had been swept less than half a minute before. "It was remarkable thinking on that sailor's part," says Vanderbilt. "If Ben had been hanging onto the hook of a lifting crane, all hands would instantly have used the crane to lift him out of the water. But backstays are for holding things down, not lifting them up, and the mind, if it works in such a crisis at all, usually follows grooved lines. Ben's reaction—an instinctive one of self-preservation—got him swept overboard; the unknown sailor's reaction—inspired and immediate—saved us the race."

In the most thrilling race of his career, Vanderbilt again attributes victory to human inspiration, to a maneuver he invented called the "tack-jibe," an innovation so startling for large yachts that it can be compared to the feat of the aviator who first attempted the outside loop.

Vanderbilt, racing *Rainbow* against Charles Francis Adams' *Yankee* in the last trial race in 1934 for selection to defend the America's Cup, approached the windward mark five lengths ahead of his rival. At that point Vanderbilt first tried in competition the maneuver which, on assurances from Starling Burgess that it wouldn't take the mast out of the boat, he had been practicing despite objections from those who said "it can't be done" and "an unseamanlike maneuver."

Rainbow was close-hauled on the starboard tack when she passed to leeward of the windward mark. She had to tack around it, bear away, jibe and head up about four points to complete the 281° turn necessary to get on the right course for the finish. The tack-jibe maneuver amounted to spinning the yacht in a three-quarter turn without the delay normal in tacking and jibing of slacking and trimming headsheets and stays. As *Rainbow* neared the mark her port backstays were taken forward and men were stationed ready to douse her quad, break out her genoa on the port side and ease her main sheet. Vanderbilt did not give the usual commands of "ready about," "hard alee" and "stand by for a jibe." As he approached the mark he shouted out: "All hands sit down, no one is to move, speak or touch anything until ordered to," and, spinning the wheel hard right, he held it there—the lee backstays holding the mast, the headsails trimmed to windward, speeding the bow around—no movement aboard, no rasping of winches, hardly the flap of a sail until, as *Rainbow* jibed, Vanderbilt gave the order to break out the genoa.

THE Cup committee told Vanderbilt afterward that—though they were too far away to see why—*Rainbow's* turn had been executed 30 seconds faster than *Yankee's*. The margin was essential to *Rainbow's* victory. *Yankee*, flying an efficient parachute, began to move up on the homeward leg and barely missed catching *Rainbow* in a finish that struck the spectator fleet and the competing yachts dumb. The margin was so close no one could tell which yacht was victorious. The two sailed on side by side in an unnatural silence—no saluting whistles, no congratulations offered, as the two skippers looked at each other across the water separating the two silent yachts.

Finally there were shouts from the foredeck of Vanderbilt's motor yacht *Vara*, and his wife called down to him: "Well done!"

"Who won?" Vanderbilt shouted.

"*Rainbow*, by one second."

"Who says so?" shouted Vanderbilt, and he remembers the tension in him was so powerful that his question came out in an angry roar.

"The race committee," his wife called down soothingly, and Vanderbilt was finally convinced. The Cup committee came aboard late that afternoon and officials informed him he had been selected to defend the America's Cup with *Ranger*.

Vanderbilt concedes that the human factor can be overemphasized in yacht racing. He appreciates that for each race won or lost by a human factor (of which the races won by *Rainbow's* quick-thinking sailor and the "tack-jibe" maneuver are good examples), there are many races whose outcome depends on what Vanderbilt calls "happenstance"—the fickleness of the wind, the unforeseen accident, such as a block giving or a sail blowing out.

Vanderbilt won one such race over a quarter of a century ago. It is a race he describes often, the final trial race between his *Enterprise* and his chief

rival, *Weetamoe*, in 1930. The two evenly matched yachts went into the final trials with the race score between them tied at nine all. Faced with picking a defender, the America's Cup committee was in a quandary. *Enterprise* made it slightly easier for them by winning the first trial race in a moderate breeze by one minute six seconds; but the next day a wind turned up which would provide a test the Cup committee had been waiting for all summer: a hard northeaster, a steady 25 knots, stronger in gusts, blowing off the fringe of a hurricane traveling up the Gulf Stream some 150 miles offshore. *Enterprise's* afterguard knew that selection would depend on the relative performance of the two yachts on the windward leg of the triangular course. Both yachts had reduced rig to deal with the blow: *Enterprise* to a small mainsail, a staysail and storm jib; *Weetamoe* to a reefed mainsail. *Enterprise* outmaneuvered *Weetamoe* at the start, reached for 10 miles at an average speed of 13.25 knots, and rounded the leeward mark a length ahead. Then began what Vanderbilt calls "the hardest windward leg I have ever sailed."

Vanderbilt's afterguard says that "the harder it blows, the better Vanderbilt sails," and that day he drove his boat through the heavy seas at an amazing rate, never once looking at his headsails or mainsail (its luff, unneeded in that blow, all aback) and only half a dozen times at *Weetamoe*. Watching the lee rail, keeping it from burying, and sensing the feel of the boat took all his time and attention.

ON *Weetamoe*, however, astern and to windward, the helmsman was concentrating on working out to windward—"pinching" his boat rather than driving her. Had he been able to see *Enterprise*—and here is an example of Vanderbilt's happenstance—he would have appreciated that he was concentrating too much on working to windward and was losing ground as a result. But his view was blocked by his mainsail and, never able from his heavily listing deck to see his rival, he failed to change his tactics and was outsailed on that crucial tack by over two minutes. "If he'd been able to see under his boom how I was driving *Enterprise* rather than working her up to windward," says Vanderbilt, "he undoubtedly would have done the same, and who knows what the result at the finish would have been."

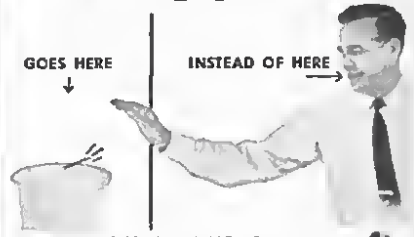
There is the suspicion, listening to Vanderbilt describe that race, that it means more to him than any of his career. It is the only race in which one can sense in Vanderbilt's description that the tonic of yacht racing is not solely for him a matter of beating a competitor across the finish line. Usually Vanderbilt describes a race in the dry factual terms one expects from such a precise competitor. And in pointing out an example of happenstance it is in materialistic terms that he starts to describe the *Enterprise-Weetamoe* race in 1930. But something happens midway in his description. He drifts away from his dry facts, seized by memories of that stormy sail. No romanticizer, Vanderbilt tries to bring himself back on course by saying: "Now, the most important thing about that race was that *Weetamoe* was pinching." But when he continues, one suspects that racing that day was to him secondary to the sport of sailing itself—that it was of small concern that *Weetamoe* was on the same ocean. "No one who was aboard that day will ever forget it," Vanderbilt goes on to say, and with his account of sailing the windward leg comes the realization that those minutes were the most memorable of his career, that on that day he caught the hairline balance, the sense through the wheel that the boat was driving at top speed: constant and unchanging, imparting to all aboard the sensation of life and power. It was uncomfortable sailing, the bow pounding into the head seas, sending the spray flying over the weather side in blinding sheets, but in it was an unforgettable exhilaration.

But it is a rare instance—this departure from character. Vanderbilt is not a man to occupy his mind with reminiscence. He is too actively engaged in his present-day activities: in the management of his Virginia farm, in his interest in Vanderbilt University, and in the dedication he gives to bridge—an intense preoccupation which has brought to the green felt of the bridge table the same astounding success, incompatible though the two activities may seem, that he enjoyed in yachting.

NEXT WEEK: THE GREEN FELT TABLE

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

19th HOLE — THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE DRAMA OF OCT. 15

Sirs:

Last April I meant to write you to tell you that your Special Baseball Issue marked the coming of age of the best magazine in the country. I never did get around to doing it, and the same thing happened when your Special Foothall Issue came out early this fall.

But I've got to sit down now and tell you that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Oct. 15 issue was the most entertaining and worthwhile issue of any magazine I have ever read. The drama of the World Series was magnificent, a perfect hlend of words and pictures to re-create tbat amazing cliff-hanger. SPECTACLE was truly spectacular—in fact, awe-inspiring. Your football coverage has been great from the beginning of the season, and the Vanderbilt story was told with precision and insight.

Congratulations on a job well done. In two years you have become old pros.

HARVEY H. H. CLENDENING

New York

SPORTING INSTINCT

Sirs:

Orchids to your gambling editor for leaving two pages open in the Oct. 15 issue for the unexpected to happen in the Series. It did.

EARL TAYLOR

Henderson, Nev.

PAYMENT DEFERRED

Sirs:

Gerald Holland's article *Casey in the Stretch* (SI, Oct. 1) was of particular interest to us because we made the offer to Casey to redeem for $483.05 the old uniform which he had taken with him in lieu of back pay when the Kankakee team disbanded in 1910.

As you reported, Casey was unahle to locate the uniform in his sister's attic. He has now suggested to us in a recent letter that we donate the $483.05 to the local Little League teams. We will definitely do this and bave asked Stengel to revisit Kankakee, where he began his baseball career, and personally present our check to the "future basehall hig leaguers" in our behalf.

WILLIAM A. SCHNEIDER, President
Kankakee Federal
Savings and Loan Assn.

Kankakee, Ill.

OCTOBER SONG

Sirs:

The month is October. The forests are flame-colored, and the iridescent trout has gone the way of all summer's mysteries. Persistent autumn has nudged out the fleeting exuberance of summer. We are content.

Then we read William Saroyan's eulogy (SI, Oct. 22) to haseball and the Yankees, that great Univac of the diamond. And he bas hrought back all the sorrow, wretchedness, pain, disappointment, anxiety and hitterness which time has helped to heal.

Mr. Saroyan is an articulate reporter, hut perhaps his perception has failed him, for he has missed a rather hasic point. He has missed the guiding spirit, a very real spirit, which has commanded the Dodgers—this year, and last year, and 10 years ago when Ducky Medwick loped out to the field. Perhaps this spirit is heyond Mr. Saroyan's conception or understanding. It is a spirit which has impelled our beloved Snider, Campanella, Maglie and the rest to insane, impossihle feats. It is a spirit which remains when the last player has left the clubhouse. It is a spirit that often pervades the ancient marriage of hero and hero-worshiper. We call it love.

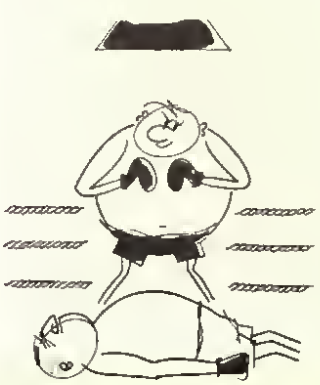
Chances are there will never he a Robinsonville or a Furillo Park. Your formidable and gargantuan Yankees will no doubt go unscathed in the record hooks. But then, Ozymandias was once mighty, but he didn't have it—and neither do the Yankees.

ROSEANN SAMUELS

Brooklyn

● Miss Samuels might find comfort in William Saroyan's conclusion: "The Dodgers lost. . . . It might have happened to the Yankees, as many of sound judgment thought it would, but it happened to the Dodgers."—ED.

MR. CAPER





LIEBLING'S LAW CORROBORATED

Sirs:

With baseball's hot-stove season on us, now is the time for all good fans to gather round. As a St. Louis Cardinal fan, I am able to claim few distinctions for my team for the 1956 season. It is true, for instance, that the Cardinals had what was undoubtedly the *strongest* alumni group in the majors this year: seven of the 13 top batters listed in the final unofficial averages (I like to point this out to people in the hope that word will eventually get back to Frank Lane) were either Cardinals or recent emigres from the Cardinals.

That such a talented collection of athletes managed to restrain itself to fourth place seems to me to be a perfect example of Liebling's Law, a principle once formulated by a contributor to your pages (SI, Dec. 5 and 12, 1955). This is that if you play your Cards right, you can pick yourself up by the seat of the pants and throw yourself out into the street.

All this, however, is beside the immediate point. Having so few rewards for our pains during the recent season, we Cardinal fans hate to be deprived of any of them by mere editorial oversight. And that, sirs, is your offense in listing, all through the season, some athlete other than our own Don Blasingame as the leading non-hitter of home runs. Blasingame went 0 for 587 in the homer department—which is pretty near as good as you can get in that particular field. The only man close to him in either league, in fact, was Dick Groat of Pittsburgh, with 0 for 520. Your two candidates—Cardinal alumnus Schoendienst (2 for 487) and non-Cardinal Temple (2 for 632)—just weren't in it.

JOHN SHARNIK

New York

TENNIS: THE OLD GUARD

Sirs:

As a tennis official on and off for over 30 years, I want to congratulate you and the Messrs. Kramer and Talbert for the splendid articles they have been writing (*U.S. Tennis Is Being Killed*, SI, Oct. 8).

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, with its wide interest, is doing a world of good for tennis, and is appreciated by the millions of tennis players throughout the country.

Mr. Kramer's reference to the domination of grass courts and the "old guard" is very much appreciated, because I am, perhaps, one of the old guard, having served for many years as a member of the USLTA Executive Committee and for five years as secretary, although no longer in the active official picture.

More power to you!

RALPH WESTCOTT

Chicago

TENNIS: THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM

Sirs:

I do not mind Jack Kramer's elegy, but I do bemoan a sweeping statement that raised the hair on this former Aussie head of mine: "Down there we know that education isn't as important to a boy as it is up here. . . ." I have taught in high schools in each country, and Mr. Kramer misleads his readers when he dismisses Australian systems of education so lightly. He implies either that Australia is happily raising nincompoops (male)—so long as they play tennis well—or that Australian Davis Cup players are content to border on the illiterate. Mr. Kramer does not know that some subject matter taught here in high schools has been covered in Australia at the grade school level, and that Australian high schools provide much material ordinarily the work of university freshmen here.

I should like to add two other comments. In the United States and Australia sports are on different levels. Here they are greatly in the hands of the big colleges and professional teams, involving money and coaches galore. There the ordinary man and woman goes out after his or her own sports—as participator, not spectator. There are *countless clubs for a great variety of sports* in towns, cities and country districts that compete the year round against each other on Saturday afternoons (shops are closed) or mid-week. All are amateurs and love their games.

Like Mr. Kramer I have often wondered why a country like the U.S., where tennis may be played all year in the South and West, does not have more tennis potential. Australia seems rich in potential, even though its total population is not much greater than New York's. Some of the U.S. players Mr. Kramer criticizes need to show the same urge to rise to the top as Babe Zaharias did in golf. She was her own taskmaster, disciplining her talent and pouring on willingness to be driven. Mr. Kramer seems disgruntled at the lack of interest by the USLTA in his big promotion scheme. He, after all, knows tennis now from the angle of big business and has perhaps forgotten the amateur's viewpoint.

RUTH M. SCOUGALE

Everett, Wash.

MAMMOTH HUNT

Sirs:

Many thanks for the vivid word picture, together with the painting of the mammoth hunt (SI, Oct. 15). This is of terrific interest to us, especially my school-age daughters.

B. RADER

Narberth, Pa.

DEMONSTRATION

Sirs:

It seems to me that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED serves as an outstanding demonstration that there are no dull subjects, only dull writers. I find myself reading all sorts of topics, in which I have had no previous interest, simply because they are so well presented. And I marvel at the quantity of good writing in every issue.

L. E. MCGIVENA

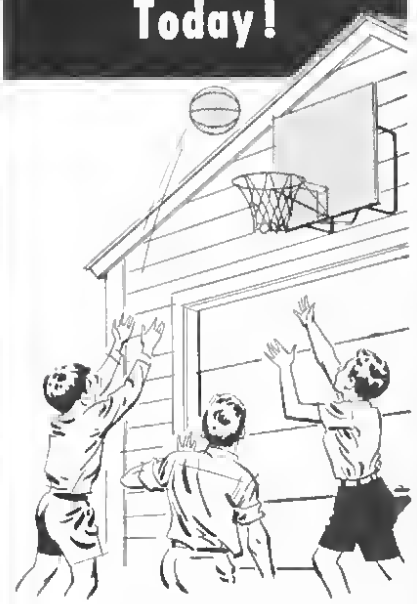
New York

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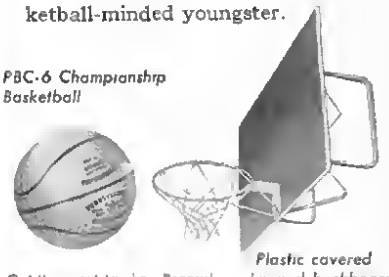
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PAT ON THE BACK

STEPHANIE BUTTGENBACH

When she was four, Stephanie began riding horses in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. Today, at 17, after collecting 20 trophies and 60 ribbons for her riding skill, she is queen of the Horse Show Division of the Grand National Livestock Exposition to be held at the Cow Palace Nov. 2 to 11. Stephanie is a senior at San Francisco's Sacred Heart Convent, will go on to University of California Agricultural College to study merchandising and also further her interest in horses with classes in judging and training.



WILLIAM H. (BILLY) FRANTZ JR.

Flanked by his proud parents and with his fiancée (Patty Glennon of West Chester, Pa., whom he will marry next month) smiling at his left, 22-year-old Billy Frantz Jr. receives the International Gold Cup, emblematic of his victory in the feature of the 19th Rolling Rock Hunt racing meet at Ligonier, Pa. Billy rode Seregal, a 9-to-1 long shot and overtook the leaders a bare three lengths from the finish. Mrs. Richard K. Mellon, wife of the Pittsburgh banker who built the International course, presents the cup.





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